# RELIGIO PICTORIS

6.9.23

From the Library of

Professor Benjamin Breckinridge Warfield

Bequeathed by him to

the Library of

Princeton Theological Seminary

N79
.M57

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
JUN 9 1923
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

# RELIGIO PICTORIS

BY HELEN BIGELOW MERRIMAN

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
MDCCCXCIX

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY HELEN BIGELOW MERRIMAN
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

*I Dedicate This Book to My Husband*

# CONTENTS


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| | INTRODUCTION | 1 |
| I. | THE ENSEMBLE | 7 |
| II. | THE VALUES | 29 |
| III. | INDIVIDUALITY | 61 |
| IV. | PERSONALITY | 81 |
| V. | EXISTENCE AND RELATION | 105 |
| VI. | RECOGNITION | 141 |
| VII. | IMMORTAL LIFE | 209 |
| | CONCLUSION | 219 |

# INTRODUCTION

"What will be the deepest, most useful, truest, most lasting form of philosophy? Common sense idealized, or rather a meeting of common sense and metaphysics well expressed by Coleridge, 'Common sense is intolerable when not based upon metaphysics.' But are not metaphysics intolerable when not based upon common sense?" — *Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett*, vol. ii. p. 77.

# INTRODUCTION

AMONG our books we have a "Religio Medici" and a "Religio Poetæ," but not a Religio Pictoris, yet it may be well that the painter should set forth the faith that is in him, because from the nature of his calling he has some special advantages for dealing with the deeper problems of life.

The painter is bound both to the ideal and the actual, and cannot separate himself from either. He is thus obliged to take both sides of life into account. His work must consist in shaping concrete realities into some form of ideal expression. He may paint chairs and tables, rocks and streams, flesh and garments, but unless he can make these stir our feeling in some way he is only a maker of sign-boards. Thus by the very conditions of his art he is forced to ideality as the ordinary man is not. Natural objects are his alphabet and he must study them profoundly, but he must study them from the ideal side and with the thought of expression always in mind. He is therefore not in bondage to them.

The transmuting of the actual into the

ideal must take place in the painter's own personality. In this he differs from the scientist, who may content himself for a lifetime with merely observing and recording innumerable facts, trusting the future to marshal them into some ideal expression. The training of science is thus impersonal, whereas personality is the chief equipment of the artist, and definite personal expression his distinctive merit. In this of course he stands in the same category with the musician and the poet; but because of the more practical nature of his art and the more solid materials he employs, he is less likely than they to lose sight of the positive character of the elements involved in his work. A piece of music may, without losing its value, be so far vague that different listeners interpret it in different ways. It is more an affair of moods than a picture is, both in the making and the appreciation of it. The painter, however, must render the very character, the stuff and quality, of the thing he paints, or his work is flimsy and valueless. He is thus compelled to respect the actual and to find individuality in all things. The more conscientiously determined the artist is to bring out the essence of the things he paints, the more he glories in this practical,

craftsmanlike side of his art, as opposed to the cheap idealism which has no firm basis in natural fact. He is therefore to some extent a scientist.

We may say then, first, that the artist is pledged to idealism by his very vocation; second, that he is constrained to make account of the essential qualities of material things to a much greater extent than the musician or the poet; and third, that in common with the musician and the poet it is his personality that gives expression to the elements with which he deals.

In all this the artist's problem is similar to the problem of every human life. We are all, in our best desires at least, pledged to the ideal, the immortal. We realize if only dimly, that our life's work should be the shaping of the elements which go to make up our lives into some form of ideal expression. In trying to bring this about we are obliged to make very definite and respectful account of these elements. We think in the valor of our youth that we can grasp and mould life to our will, but we learn at last by many defeats and much humbling of pride, how real and much to be respected in their actuality are the things we thought of in the beginning as mere pawns in our game. Moreover, as

with the artist, it is our personal quality that should mould our lives and give them value, but the sense of personality is somewhat weak in these days. There is plenty of individuality, but it is unrelated and inefficient. Because man's sense of his own personality is weak, he has but a feeble belief in the personality of God, for the two are intimately connected. Increasing knowledge of our environment is doubtless responsible for this state of things. It is all so wonderful, and natural law is so great, that man is tempted to think of himself as a product of circumstances, a tool of great forces, rather than a force in himself. The modern mind is like an artist, if such a one could be found, who should paint the background of a portrait first, and then modify the face and figure of his sitter to harmonize with it. The folly of such procedure is so obvious to the true artist, his sense of his own personality and that of his sitter is so strong, that his unwritten creed on this point, if we can grasp it, may reinforce in our thinking that personal note, both human and divine, which is so much to be desired.

# I. THE ENSEMBLE

" Under the Arch of Life, where love and death,
Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw
Beauty enthroned ; and though her gaze struck awe,
I drew it in as simply as my breath:
These are the eyes which, over and beneath,
The sky and sea bend on thee, which can draw
By sea or sky, or woman, to one law,
The allotted bondsman of her palm and wreath.

" This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
Thy voice and hand shake still, long known to thee
By flying hair, and fluttering hem — the beat
Following her daily, of thy heart and feet.
How passionately and irretrievably,
In what fond flight, how many ways and days!"

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, *Soul's Beauty*.

# I. THE ENSEMBLE

THE artist like the poet is a creator, a maker, and the laws by which alone creative work may be achieved meet him at every turn, being illustrated in the representation of the simplest object, and moving before him like a pillar of cloud and fire whenever he advances into the untravelled regions of the ideal. It is to study these laws and to see what light they throw on problems deeper than those of the artist that this essay is written.

Psychology is now studied so much from the physiological side that it may seem like going back to the dark ages to approach the subject from any teleological standpoint, and yet is it not conceivable that we may get some useful light on deep questions if, assuming that man's highest duty is to help make the world in all good ways, we study the laws which regulate creative action as they find illustration in the work of the artist, or of any one who actually creates, if only in the limited fashion possible to mortals, namely, the recombining of existing elements into new forms of personal expression? The milliner who trims a bonnet, the artisan who carves a

chair, the housewife who makes a pudding, could really teach us the same lessons, for they all work under the same conditions of an ideal to strive for, materials more or less stubborn to handle, and a personal quality which determines the taste of their products. Much is said in these days about handicraft, for people realize as never before that the training of the hand is as essential to harmonious development as the training of the head. We are fast getting over the idea that a man's brain is the only aristocratic organ he possesses. We discount mere acquisition if it be not put to some constructive use, and all this shows an increasing appreciation of man's function as a maker; a function to which the exigencies of primitive life impel him without question, but which he is in some danger of forgetting when he is no longer under the pressure of an immediate relation between his daily toil and his daily bread.

The necessity to create is strong upon the artist because he sees with inner vision an ideal that he wishes to reproduce. He does not stop to reason about his materials, but bends them impetuously to his service. The average human being, on the contrary, lacking any well-defined inner vision, has little impulse to create. He

goes on speculating about the contents of the world in which he finds himself, and fails to understand that material things will yield their final secret only to him who masterfully shapes them into noble life.

Let us then study the artist's experience. There is one great temptation which besets every one who tries to draw. It meets the beginner in the schools and follows the master into the retirement of his studio. It is so subtle and all-pervading that it reminds one of — if indeed it be not identical with — what theologians call "original sin." This temptation lies in man's tendency to exaggerate the importance of details.

The beginner clings to details because they seem to be within his reach, and he dares not trust himself to grasp the larger aspect of things. To do this always involves a certain letting go, and the beginner, in the rigidity of his conscientious effort, is determined to hold on. If he tries to draw an outline that is full of variety, like a range of mountains for instance, he is sure at first to exaggerate the subordinate ups and downs and so to prolong the line beyond its proper length; and conversely, in drawing a full-length

figure for the first time, he will make the arms and legs too short because of the lack of incident in their lines. He is all the time on the look-out for another detail to grasp, and cannot trust himself to the long sweep. The perverse and overmastering tendency to exaggerate the importance of details leads many artists to work largely from memory, because, as in working from memory one can recall only the general impression, the non-essentials are sifted out. Corot said: "If you wish to paint a man's portrait, let him walk a few times across a doorway opening into a dark room, and then put down what you remember. If you have him seated before you, you will begin to paint his buttons."

Infinite illustrations of this point might be given; but let it suffice to say that it is the lifelong struggle of the artist to look at things in a large way, and to see the parts as related to the expression of the whole. The "ensemble" is what he strives to render. The need for this lies at the basis of all impressionism, not merely of the often exaggerated impressionist work of to-day, but of that sound doctrine of impressionism which is the only tenable ground of real art, and which asserts that we should paint, not things in themselves,

but things in their relation to one another as that relation impresses the mind of the artist. The relation is then the thing to be aimed at, and is a sufficiently definite thing to become the subject of a work of art. Of course the whole is really the subject, but the relations are its manifestation; sunlight for instance, which is the subject of so many modern pictures, being expressed only by an exquisite purity and delicacy of tone relations.

To what can the artist trust to defend him from his innate tendency to exaggerate the importance of details? He must have some help, for in addition to his natural aptitude for seeing the unimportant, he is obliged frequently to make a prolonged study of minor facts in order that his picture may have an air of reality. If he would paint like Meissonier, he must master all details to perfection in order to put just as much or as little of them into his pictures as the subject demands. What is to decide the amount of detail required in any given case? What is to nerve the artist's hand as he bravely brushes out at one sweep the elaborate work of days, if he finds that it interferes with the clear expression of his idea?

Nothing can do this for him but his sense

of the whole, and it is this sense in his special field that makes him an artist, and to which, if he have only the rudiments of it, he may safely trust in spite of his perverse natural tendency to overdo the parts.

We may believe that a sense of the whole is the highest of human endowments. It enables a man to see the true relation of things and is the master word of life. All details fly to their places at its bidding. Its possessor swings great groups of facts into place while other men are painfully picking them up one at a time. In ethics it appears as conscience, and even in small matters it is man's best guide to success. We choose quickly between two carpets when we know the general style and coloring of the room we wish to furnish. A perception of the whole settles the matter rightly for us. A sense of the whole makes a great actor willing to subordinate and even efface himself when the general effect of the play requires it. Curiously enough, a man may have a sense of the whole in some special department and yet fail to possess it in that large way which would enable him to relate this department to the whole of life. Mathematical and musical prodigies are instances of this.

In practical ways we are constantly rely-

ing upon our sense of the whole as the basis of all proportion and the foundation of common sense, and besides this we have a dim perception of a unity of ideal beauty and goodness that shall complete our fragmentary mortal existence. We dream of some vast symphony in which all created things shall play their happy concordant parts. Yet we treat this only as a dream, and let the near things take up our attention, the daily duties tie us down. We lose our perspective, we revolve around some detail until we magnify it out of all due proportion and get our lives "out of keeping" or "out of drawing," as the artist would put it. It would not be difficult to show that ninety-nine hundredths, if not all, of our troubles come from this source; for at the few times when we can "see life steadily and see it whole," our ordinary trials seem unimportant, and we feel a power to deal with them that we can never have while we are directly in their grasp. This power comes from seeing things in their right relation. The artist simply cannot paint his picture except in view of the whole. He must refer to it to correct his proceedings at every moment. Can we expect to make good lives on any other basis?

But, it may be objected, the wholes per-

ceived by the artist are very limited, and offer no complete analogy for human life. We would like to keep to the true proportions of living, but how is the infinite Whole, so vague in its immensity, to decide them for us?

It is true that the wholes perceived by the artist are limited, yet if wholeness be, as we hope to show, a vital, essential quality, quite apart from the material of which any whole may be composed, it may, while in itself an abstract conception, reveal itself through its working in some field like that of art, with sufficient clearness to become an object of scientific consideration and practical helpfulness. For the artist certainly, the whole, the ensemble of his picture, is an active force, a despotic power, which, though it be but the child of his own brain, dictates to him just what tones, what forms, and how much detail shall go on to the canvas. He can strangle his offspring and destroy his picture, but if he wishes to paint any special subject that his mind conceives, certain elements must go to the making of it, and certain others, which in the beginning he may have thought of as belonging to his scheme, can have no part in the matter. His infant, just born, speaks back and dictates terms. Millet recognized this im-

periousness of the ensemble when he said, "In a picture things should never have the air of being amalgamated by chance, but should have a strenuous and inevitable connection among themselves. I wish the beings that I represent to have the air of being vowed to their position. It must be impossible to imagine that the idea of being anything but what they are should enter their heads. A work ought to be all of one piece, and every person and thing in it should be there for a particular end."

The artist, however irreverent he may be in some directions, always stands in awe before this element of his art, for it is just by heeding this law of the whole that he is able to embody that fragment of truth that may make him immortal. The pictures that he plans are his own creations in a sense, and yet, in another sense which every true artist would recognize, they are not his own at all; that is, they are not the product of his mere individual industry, his concentrated will, his headstrong determination. These, on the contrary, are the qualities which lead him to fasten upon details, to overdo the unimportant, and generally to get his work out of keeping. He is forced continually to draw back from all these, to refresh himself with a bath of pas-

sivity, to "go out and get a fresh eye," or in some way to free himself from the thraldom of his own intellectual activity, before the whole, in its serene calm and clear expressiveness, will revisit his soul. Of course there are moments when the artist's intensest activity and his purest perception become one, but these are moments of inspiration, and cannot be taken as his average mental condition. That the vision of the whole does come to him when he puts himself in the right attitude, proves it his, yet not his to use selfishly and in an arbitrary spirit, because it is most often by letting go, stepping back from his work and ceasing his labors, that he invokes its presence.

Nor will it visit the idler either in art or in life. It demand's man's utmost devotion, it sends him to grapple with all details, it bids him labor unceasingly, yet in his labor to remember always that the things he does, he does not for their own sakes, but for the sake of the relation which they may bear to the perfect expression of some phase of the infinite Whole. Men have found it hard to write prose when speaking of the Whole, the subject is so inspiring. Tennyson sings its praises as the "Gleam," Rossetti as "Soul's Beauty," Kipling as the "True Romance." The Hebrew poets, real-

izing its power and majesty in the moral realm, sang it as the God of Israel whose real name was too awful to be taken on mortal lips. It is the great synthetic force of the universe, bringing things together by the highest law of their being, and so the foundation of all true poetry and of all perfect life.

We may now profitably inquire what wholeness is, what intrinsic quality characterizes all its embodiments from the greatest down to the least.

Obviously wholeness is always due to a central idea, the parts, like the words in a sentence, gaining fresh meaning from the relation into which they are combined by a vigorous thought. That which is not so obvious, but which we hope to make clear, is the close connection that exists between wholeness and personality, if they be not in fact identical. If this can be demonstrated, we shall have in the quality of wholeness, reaching, as it does, from the highest to the lowest object that we can conceive of, an abstract universal element which binds together in a living unity all the innumerable forms of its embodiment. To make this clear a careful study of personality is needed, and that is reserved for a later chapter. All we can do at this point is to show that be-

cause the wholes created by man are expressions of his personality, therefore natural objects, such as crystals, plants, animals, man himself indeed, which are each obviously based on some central idea, may be reasonably conceived as expressions of an all-embracing divine Personality, a wholeness that both generates and includes all other wholes.

It is clear that all animals and plants are based on a central idea, for they are recognizable by certain definite relations of parts which characterize each species, so that we never mistake a cow for a horse, or an oak-tree for a willow, in spite of great individual variations. These seem to carry the secret of their wholeness, their idea, wrapped up in themselves; every one reproducing its own kind, every tree knowing the precise angle at which its branches should leave the main trunk, every kitten the trick of chasing its own tail. This central idea seems to be the secret of their life and power of growth.

To show that this central idea, which lies at the basis of each created thing, is an expression of personality, we must study the works of man, for in these it is easy to detect the personal quality. We have chosen the sphere of the artist as the field

of investigation because he is pledged to create wholes of an ideal nature, such as the life of man should be; but the abstract quality of wholeness reaches down to the simplest most prosaic things, and may be predicated of any object shaped by intelligence with true adaptation of parts. A churn or a hairpin is as truly a whole as the Hermes of Praxiteles. We should not claim wholeness in any deep sense for a cupful of water or a cartload of sand, which are of uniform material throughout, and are held together and limited merely by the thing that contains them. The word "whole" is really applicable only to things in which a central idea limits the circumference, dominates the parts, and prescribes the relation in which the parts shall stand to each other. A well-organized business firm is a whole of this sort.

Among things made by man, those low in the scale, such as implements and utensils, owe their existence to man's conception of some definite human need to be served. The more simply and directly they answer this need the better they are. A spade, for instance, is a concrete expression of man's recognition of his need to dig, and a careful study of that need has resulted in his making, in all matters of weight, pro-

portion, and balance, as good a spade as it is possible to conceive of. The wholeness of a spade, then, is a personal expression of man's sense of human need in one direction, and thus the ideal spade regulates all the parts that go to make up every one of the millions of spades that are turned out annually. Our point is simply that personal expression is the basis of wholeness even in the simplest things, though when the expression is once perfected its form may be multiplied mechanically to an indefinite extent.

When we rise a step in the scale, we come to dress, furniture, and buildings, and in these man's bare recognition of human needs is modified by his desire, in meeting those needs, to express also something of that sense of fine proportion and harmonious color with which he finds himself endowed. Houses, furniture, and clothing of the higher grades are not made in great numbers after one pattern to the extent that tools are. More individuality is expected in the designing of them. Their wholeness is still a personal expression, a recognition of need, but one into which an element of delight has entered, as in the airy caprice of an embroidery that adorns a robe, or a noble tower that soars to the sky,

pierced and fretted so exquisitely that the doves which circle round it seem to be a part of its legitimate ornament.

When we come to works of high art, to the products of the painter and the sculptor, it is not necessary to defend our position that the quality of wholeness depends upon personal expression, because it is well recognized that it is the manifestation of the artist's personality that alone gives value to any work of art. It is the thing as *he* sees it that he must paint or carve. The quality of wholeness, then, that which gives consistency and integrity to any object, certainly so far as the works of man are concerned, is personal expression. It may be a personal expression of the race to which many individuals have contributed their mite, as in the shaping of our common tools, or it may be the more individual expression of some great creative mind like Pheidias or Shakespeare.

Now, since the law of the whole is one law, universal in its action, these two classes of objects that we have been considering — first, natural forms, such as crystals, plants, and animals, and second, the creations of man — may throw some light on each other. The first may show us what wholeness is, and the second, whose whole-

ness we know to be due to our personal expression, may lead us to infer that the quality of wholeness, wherever we find it, is always an expression of personality. If this be true, we shall find not less personality throughout the universe and at its Source under this conception than under the old anthropomorphic one, but infinitely more. Personality in this view runs as a thread from the highest down to the lowest, and is everywhere the shaping force. Indeed, leaving the biologists to hunt for ultimate cells, we venture boldly to assert that complete, conscious, personal expression, if it could be attained, would be perfect life, and that therefore an effort towards such expression must be the constructive force in all the grades of life of which we have any knowledge.

Of course there is a distinction between things shaped by man's personality and those shaped by that Infinite Personality, which we may postulate as expressing itself in all inanimate nature, in plants and animals, and in the physical structure and life of man; because these last, the higher of them at least, have life in a very different sense from that in which man's works may be said to live. But it is easy to see that as we rise in the scale even human

products take on a more vital quality. Tools exist, and so does a very bad landscape on the panel of an omnibus. It is undeniably there, but a noble paniting by Titian has life in a much higher sense. Furniture and buildings endure and are restored and cherished to length of days in proportion to their beauty and their fitness for the object for which they were designed, which fitness causes them to become almost a part of the life of man to which they have ministered. When much love and thought go to the shaping of things, they make a lively claim on our regard. Works of art minister to some man's highest needs, and his gratitude rises to preserve them, so that they gain a species of immortality. It would be impossible to obliterate the Venus of Melos to-day. The proportions of the statue are so familiar, it exists in so many forms of reproduction, that its ideal wholeness is safe forever from all the changes and chances of this mortal life. The same is true of the Parthenon, restored models of which are fast accumulating in our museums, while the original is slowly crumbling to dust.

The fact that the creations of man gain in vital quality in proportion as they are definite personal expressions related to pro-

found personal needs, and receiving recognition as such, suggests the idea that recognition may have a larger part to play in life than generally has been supposed. This point will be taken up farther on.

Confusion is apt to come into our thinking when man himself is the whole under consideration, because he is both a product and a cause. He is a personal expression of the greatest Whole of all, but he is less impressed with this fact than with his own need for making some personal expression of himself. He is slow to perceive that his true welfare lies in helping out the intent of the greater Whole by every means in his power. Religion and all the moral training of the race are but efforts to lead man to renounce his antagonism to the Whole. The struggle is long and difficult, because the thing that he must hold in abeyance, in order that he may work with and not against the force that would shape him to higher ends, is that self-directing energy which raises him above the brutes, and which, when rightly trained, will enable him to move as joyously towards perfection as if all the colors on a painter's palette should go singing to their places in his picture.

The plants and the brutes are very com-

plete expressions so far as they go, and are often more agreeable objects of contemplation than man, because of their completeness. Just because man's possibilities are so much greater, his incompleteness is more painful. A caged lion seems much grander than the crowd that gapes at him. The brutes fulfil the law of their being and attempt no more, but man has the law of the whole more deeply implanted in him than they. It is at once his greatest glory and his greatest danger. The power that moulds all things is in him, and he is conscious of it, and of his ability to wield his fragment of it so as to produce definite and calculated results. The choice is always open to him whether he will use this power to thwart the expression of the greater Whole that is seeking manifestation through him, or whether he will work with that greater Whole to develop his own higher wholeness or personality. He has infinite power to make himself, his higher self, if he sets about it in as serious and business-like a fashion as the artist sets about his work. He can also do much to develop plants and animals beyond their natural condition, but in both these efforts he must work with constant reference to the law of the whole, and not permit his individual frag-

ment of it to blind his eyes to its larger bearings.

So great is the power of wholeness in the abstract that unity seems to have a certain morality of its own which confuses our ordinary standards of right and wrong. A very bad man often has great fascination for us because he is so consistent with himself; because he relates everything so vigorously to one unquestioned aim — his own pleasure. We know that his deeds are evil, yet the unity which binds them together has a charm for us which we cannot quite explain until we see that a higher application of the same law which gives him whatever attractiveness he has will inevitably bring him to confusion in the end. The plausibility of the doctrine of "art for art's sake" is another instance of the temporary sanction imparted by unity when conceived without reference to the source which empowers it.

# II. THE VALUES

"I have within me a belief that art is the love of certain balanced proportions and relations which the mind likes to discover and to bring out in what it deals with, be it thought or the actions of men, or the influences of nature, or the material things in which necessity makes it to work. I should then expand this idea until it stretched from the patterns of earliest pottery to the harmony of the lines of Homer. Then I should say that in our plastic arts the relations of lines and spaces are, in my belief, the first and earliest desires, and again I should have to say that, in my unexpressed faith, these needs are as needs of the soul, and echoes of the laws of the universe seen and unseen, reflections of the universal mathematics, cadences of the ancient music of the spheres." — JOHN LAFARGE, *An Artist's Letters from Japan.*

## II. THE VALUES

IF we are to work with constant reference to the law of the whole, it is important that we should know just what this law practically is, so that we can understand something of its conditions and rewards, and we cannot learn this in any better way than by going back to its exemplification in the field of art.

We have said that every whole that deserves the name has a certain organic quality. In other words, it is made up of opposed and contrasting elements, which have their places assigned to them and are held together by some idea to be expressed, and this is nowhere more true than in a picture. Sometimes the contrasting elements are many, but they can always be reduced to a pair, and it is well to do this for clearness in thinking. In fact, we grasp the true nature of any whole only when we accomplish this reduction. Take the November landscape, for instance. There are the rocks and tree trunks, the sere earth, the dying oak leaves, the lowering clouds, the early sunsets. All of these in a thousand different combinations would tell the same story, but the secret of the Novem-

ber whole, from the point of view of a picture, lies in the broad relation between the grays and browns that sum up its color scheme. When the artist has grasped this, and has seen how the blue grays of the low-hanging clouds are allied to the greener grays of rocks and tree trunks, and how together they form great masses of contrast to the brown earth with its tawny grasses and the reddish brown of the oak leaves, — and when he further appreciates how this contrast is focused by the glowing bar of orange light low in the west against the sombre purple of the hills, — then he has the essential features of the subject in his grasp and can reproduce and vary it at will.

Superficially the elements that go to make up any whole may be very numerous, and in modern art and literature we find a disposition to confuse the simplicity of the major contrast; but just because of this confusion our modern work lacks greatness. The major contrast is the real meaning of the thing. In an outline drawing for instance, we have perpendicular and horizontal lines as the primary sources of contrast. These are both merely phases of the straight line, the simplest mark that a human being can make. Divide it, setting the two parts at right angles to each

other, and they form a cross. Slightly modified, they may express a level plain and the trunk of a tree growing upon it. Ideally, they suggest repose and aspiration, the calm of the universal, the restlessness of the individual. Through all their modifications into slants and curves their prevailing characteristics can still be divided into two groups, one of which most closely approaches the horizontal and the other the perpendicular. It is not until we come to the circle that the two individual directions become indistinguishable. In a finished picture the perpendicular and horizontal lines are so clothed and disguised that one is almost unconscious of them, but they lie at the base of all the rest, and their relation to each other gives the main character to the work, just as in architecture the mutual adjustment of perpendicular and horizontal elements gives us all the types of dwelling from the French château, with its prevailing upright lines and turreted corners, to the Mexican posada, with its level forms that follow the ground line. Just because of our tendency to see details first, and to regard the complex rather than the simple, we are often unconscious of the basic major contrast in any whole that we contemplate. We attribute the charm of

a room to its color and furnishing, when really its main beauty lies in its good proportions, and we confuse all our living by forgetting that the deepest and necessarily most controlling relation is always that between man and God.

In all these cases we must note that the opposition or contrast between the fundamental elements is really a relation, because by their very opposition they enable us to express an idea. The same is true of all the contrasting pairs that may add richness to a picture when its skeleton has been constructed on perpendicular and horizontal lines. Light and shade, for instance, give us an added means of expression, and enable us to show the bulk of things and their distance from us, and to point out the source of light. Color adds a further complication, and at the same time a further richness to the work. All colors can be divided into two groups, of warm and cold, — the first starting with red, the last with blue, — and each separate color has its warm and its cold phase. Reds may incline either towards orange or violet, and blues towards turquoise or purple. Thus each member of any pair of opposites has, along with its own marked individuality, great capacity for approaching the other.

It would be easy to make a parallel statement about music, in which high and low notes, major and minor keys, fast and slow time, soft and loud execution, furnish the means of expression, but for the sake of simplicity we will keep to our chosen field of painting. Here we may say that for the making of a whole, that is, for the clear expression of an artistic idea, two opposing elements are required. The expression of the idea, in fact the idea itself, seems to be the resolution of this opposition through some charming sequences of form and color suggested by the personality of the artist. This, at least, is sufficient to constitute a picture in the purely artistic sense. We may say then, that the law of the whole, as it meets us in picture-making, works to bring about a coherent adjustment of two diverse and apparently opposing elements under the guidance of a leading idea, and this is equally true whether the artist is striving to express some idea of his own, or whether he is merely trying to set forth the idea, *i. e.*, the essential character, of some object or person that he wishes to portray.

In both cases the law of the whole will demand sacrifice. Mutual adjustment of opposing elements cannot take place without it, and the artist will ask it unhesitat-

ingly of the elements that are to compose his picture, and will learn to render it in his own person when he meets the law of the whole as embodied in some object that he wishes to represent. This latter assertion can be proved from experience, for when the element of portraiture comes in and we wish to express a special place, a particular hour of the day, a peculiar state of the atmosphere, or the face and carriage of a person, a problem is set before us in very definite shape. Certain relations of the elements with which we work will do this thing for us, others will not, and we must humbly set ourselves under the guidance of the whole to find out which the right ones are. William Hunt used to say that it was not until he got down and crawled that he could make any headway on a portrait.

Suppose the subject to be a child with red hair, dressed in white, and standing, with a black dog in her arms, against a background of green. We will imagine, for the sake of simplicity, that the portrait is to be drawn in charcoal on a sheet of white paper. These two elements are our means of expression, giving us velvety black at one end of the scale, white at the other, and between them an almost infinite

gamut of gray tones. This richness of resource among the grays gives us at first a great sense of freedom. There seem to be shades enough to do anything with, and we go bravely to work on the dress perhaps, delighting in every frill and fold, and employing, in our desire to do full justice to these, any number of tones of gray. The result is sure to be unfortunate. We may succeed fairly in representing the superficial elements of the dress, but we find, on stepping back for a general survey of the picture, that it is not a white dress at all! We have brought so many dark tones into it that it no longer makes a white spot in relation to the rest of the picture. We may have the same experience in drawing the dog. An excessive conscientiousness in rendering his fur will be sure to lead us to use gray tones so high in the scale as to impair its general effect of blackness. If, somewhat shaken in our first confidence, we go to work in a different spirit, less officious, if we may use such a phrase in speaking of drawing, relying more on a kind of vision that seems to have its seat at the back of the head rather than in the eyes, we learn by degrees that the large, simple masses are to be looked for first, and secured at all hazards; that it is the

relation of these masses to one another that really makes the picture, and that detail is secondary in importance, even fatal to the general effect unless kept within its proper mass.

We must first establish the main values, making a black spot for the dog, leaving the white paper to stand for the dress, and summing up face, hair, and background in one gray tint which we shall later slightly differentiate into three masses, — the face being the lightest, the hair the darkest, and the background intermediate. By setting down the great divisions first, we have acknowledged the law of the whole, and under that law we may now go on to put just as much refinement of detail and individual character of feature, texture, and fur as our medium will admit of, into each of these divisions, provided that we do not disturb the main masses and so break up the very foundations of the picture. Nor do we escape the law of the whole here, for it is only by rendering within the masses the precise relations of line and tone, that we can give any individual quality whatever. These relations, or *values*, as they are called, alone enable us to show whether the dress be of satin or muslin, whether the hair be straight or curly, and how all the subtle planes and

curves of the face are adjusted in the expression of character. All this is done in the same way, by the relating of one part to another, and the suppression often of things that at the beginning specially caught our attention. There is a certain place in a portrait where the light of the cheek runs up under and behind the eye on the shadow side of the face, which a beginner will be sure to exaggerate so that it will stand out like a beacon fire and destroy all the fair roundness and sweep of the whole. We learn at last that it is not what we see when we look hard and fixedly at an object that we must paint, but those larger relations which escape us in our moments of close scrutiny, but take shape again for us when we withdraw a little and trust our impressions of the whole. Of course a master of his craft like Velasquez, or Sargent among moderns, has learned never to look at things artistically except as wholes, and the impressions of these men are received and recorded by them so fluently that their pictures have almost a narrative quality.

The artist may tell us, especially in these days of realism, that he thinks of the relation of the parts to one another rather than of the whole which lies back of and de-

termines this relation. Nevertheless the whole is there, and to it whatever beauty and coherence may be found among the parts is due. We may note in this connection that there seem always to be two phases of man's sense of the whole. He may have a perception of some end to be attained so clear and definite that it determines beyond question the right relation of everything that contributes to it. In this case he thinks of the whole rather than of the relations, because the latter are implied in the former. This was probably the case in the great days of art. On the other hand, a person may simply have an innate sense of right relation, and thus may be moved by the spirit of wholeness without seeing clearly the whole of which these right relations prophesy. Such a person will think of style and quality rather than of results, and such preoccupation is, as we have said, characteristic of modern art. There seem to be two types of mind, one of which is attracted, like Emerson or Amiel, by the scintillation of separate truths, special relations exquisitely perceived, and another which inevitably seeks for the underlying system, the including whole.

Sometimes the two phases are united in

the same person, but more commonly one exists at the expense of the other. The distinction between these two phases will be recalled many times in the succeeding pages. For the present it suffices to point it out, and to say that however much the two phases may clash, they are really but different manifestations of that sense of the whole which is man's highest possession. In general, however, when we speak of a sense of the whole we mean the first of the two phases. Being a sense of *the* whole, it is definite, determining, and therefore powerful, whereas the spirit of right relation, although beautiful in itself, because it refers us only to *some* whole, is vague and often unreliable. It is a matter of instinct, rather than of clear and reasonable perception. But however this may be, every artist will agree that the truth and beauty, the life of a picture, depends upon a right relation between the whole and the parts; and as it requires a supreme effort to grasp both of these at once, the advice of painters varies as to whether it is best to attack a subject from the point of view of the parts or of the whole. The accepted method has been, as we have described, to begin with the general effect, getting all the main masses in place before any detail

is attempted; but some modern artists advocate painting completely a strip, perhaps four inches wide, across the top of the canvas in which each detail shall be given in precisely its right relations and fully finished in one day, and the next day painting a succeeding strip below, and so on until the canvas is covered. This practice does not do away with the paramount importance of the whole, but it forces the artist to keep that whole steadily in his own mind, and never relax his grasp of it in painting the smallest detail, and this argues a very wide-awake mental condition. Both methods have their advantages. It may be said, looking at modern art broadly, that it inclines, in common with literature, philosophy, and all other expressions of the *Zeitgeist*, to take more note of relative values than of the whole that lies back of them; that it lives by the spirit rather than by the law of the whole. It prefers creation to restriction, and does not yet see that only through limitation can it become in the largest sense creative.

The teaching of art has made great strides within the last twenty years. Pupils are now taught from the beginning to look for the character and life of their subjects. It is hard to believe that within the mem-

ory of the present generation there was a drawing master who taught his pupils that the best way to represent foliage was to make a letter m and then a figure 3 joined on to it, and repeat this until the necessary space was covered. We can all see the absurdity of this in art; and yet, for we must remember that we are using art here merely as an analogy, is not this a good deal the way we do in our own lives? We go on making letter m's and figure 3's to the end of the chapter, if circumstances will allow us to do so. We love to get our lives into some routine that saves us from thinking or feeling over much. We dislike to open them to the searching criticism of the whole, and let that show us how absurdly out of relation much of our busy preoccupation and even much of our so-called philanthropy is. But the artist knows that he can paint his picture on no other terms. The whole, and only the whole, can guide him to the right adjustment of all the values in his picture. It alone can show him which details are non-essential, and can therefore be sacrificed.

Of course this line of argument will appeal only to those whose most earnest desire is to make excellent things, to become positive forces for good in the world. For

those who have no ambition of this sort the reasoning here set forth can have no possible interest. But there are many persons who would never voluntarily do wrong, but who are puzzled to choose between the different kinds of right that life offers, who long for some scheme of proportions that shall give consistency and coherence to their living. These may find help by studying the law of the whole.

What then, so far as we can define it practically, is the law of the whole as the artist meets it in the practice of his art? It is first of all acceptance of limitation, obedience, subordination. These are the very bone and sinew of the whole.

We have seen that the artist cannot use all the shades of gray at his command if he wishes to represent a white dress. If he uses too many shades of gray, the dress will not be white. He must limit himself to a very few light tones which shall maintain the whiteness of the dress in relation to the rest of the picture, because the dress exists as a white dress in that picture only by virtue of that larger relation. All detail that he wishes to put into the dress must be given by finer subdivisions of these light tones than he had at first thought possible. Thus one working of the law of the

whole is to drive us to finer and more subtle issues.

Acceptance of limitation by the artist, as with all of us, involves more or less sacrifice of his natural methods. He thinks that he will secure fineness and subtlety by elaborating detail from the start, but he soon finds that this method is disastrous, and that he must content himself at first with seeking for the large relations, and expressing these with simplicity. Later, if he desires to put in details, he does it by refining upon, and causing to vibrate, as it were, tones that to his coarse, earlier perceptions had seemed quite incapable of subdivision. Details are permitted him at last, but only on terms prescribed by the ensemble, and the result of working on these terms is always to introduce vitality and contrasted relations where before there was only dead uniformity. This we may note in passing as one more proof that the law of the whole always works to increase the sum of vitality in things, and is therefore a law of life.

Obedience to law as the means of achievement is constantly impressed on the artist in his work, and on one side the lesson is a hard one. He must suppress his natural inclination to begin with details, he must

trust constantly to a power behind his eyes to show him the true relation of one part of his work to another. Busy officiousness will avail him nothing. All this is, in artistic directions, a sacrifice of self. When, however, he has accepted the law of the whole and identified himself with it by means of such sacrifice, he finds in it a wonder-working power. He has discovered that he cannot represent anything aright so long as he disregards the law of the whole, but when he has once accepted its principles, he finds that he can represent anything in the visible universe by means of them; the spirit of the whole empowers him, and he feels a sense of infinite freedom and possibility. Thus the law of the whole appears to him under two aspects, — in one case that of a master, in another that of a helper, — but it is always the same law.

In the considerations with which we are now engaged there is, as noted in the previous chapter, a constant danger of confusion, because the law of the whole meets man on two sides. It requires the same things whether it works from without or from within him, but his attitude towards it differs so much under these two varying conditions that he is apt to rebel in one case against that which is his very life in

the other case, and it is therefore hard to persuade him that he is all the time under the action of one unvarying law.

For further illustration of this we will go back to our study of picture-making. We have tried to show that a picture is always an adjustment of two contrasted elements, such as warm and cold colors, perpendicular and horizontal lines, etc., but in a much higher sense the same thing is true. Two purely ideal elements go to the making of every picture. These are, taking a portrait as an example, the artist's personality and the individual characteristics of the sitter. The first determines which of the many aspects of the subject shall be painted, and what treatment it shall receive, and the last furnishes the artist with something definite and vitally interesting to work upon, and to which he must give respectful attention if he would make the portrait a success. The proportion in which these two elements are combined varies in different portraits. An artist may be merely a servile copyist of features, or he may hastily fling his impressions of other persons on to canvas without studying them deeply enough to find out whether these impressions are profoundly just. The great portrait painter combines the two

qualities and is in the best sense an interpreter, one who thoroughly understands his subject, and makes it more clear to the world than it could have been without the interposition of his personality.

These two elements enter, not only into portraiture, but into any work of art. The artist stands in two attitudes towards his work, subjective and objective, — that of receiving impressions, and that of setting forth his personal recognition of them. The law of the whole meets him in both these attitudes, but it appears to him quite differently when it dictates terms of submission if he would represent any object — as in the case of the white dress — and when he uses it freely and unconsciously, as embodied in himself, to express his original artistic ideas.

We have said that limitation, subordination, obedience, are the very bone and sinew of the whole. Its living constructive spirit is sacrifice, and this sacrifice appears to the artist as pain on the one hand and as power on the other. When limitation constrains him it is pain; when it works for him it is power. The artist does not realize that it is by sacrifice that he attains his ends, but he never hesitates to destroy the work of days if it interferes with the clear expression

of his thought. He subordinates one part of his picture to another unquestioningly; he limits, defines, blends, expunges, and adjusts, in the enthusiasm of his idea, and never stops to think by what law he does it, because that law is embodied in himself, is in fact his own personality. The very thing that as a beginner he struggled against now comes to work for him and performs miracles at his behest, vitalizing into expressiveness all the dead elements of his work. He rejoices in the limitation that at first oppressed him, as he brings his clear dark tones pungently against his light ones, and then leads them off into various phases of adjustment, all expressive, because all are duly related to the major contrast.

From the foregoing considerations we may say that if the artist were a philosopher he could learn from different phases of his art two aspects of the whole that would throw light on each other. When engaged in representation, dealing with externals, he is most impressed by the demand for sacrifice. When he works from within to express his own ideas, he is most impressed by a sense of personality. The law is the same in both cases. Its personal quality is revealed to the artist through himself, its demand for sacrifice through his environment.

These two elements seem to be at war with one another; but we have seen that their co-working, as in a portrait, is the source of the best in art, just as the resolution of oppositions on the various planes of form, color, light, and shade makes up the very substance of a picture. Artistic faith lies in the conviction that the opposition of all elements is only apparent, and exists to further the purposes of higher expression. The mutual relation of things is more obvious to the true artist than their opposition because he is so pervaded by a sense of the whole. This leads him to rejoice in sacrifice as he relinquishes a lesser perfection for the sake of a greater one, forbearing to make accurate account of the number of golden stamens in a water lily for instance, or to record the precise curves of its petals, that he may better render its glowing whiteness as it lies on the dark water and fearlessly opens its chalice to the sunlight, like the pure in heart who see God. Owing to the limitation of his material he cannot give all the qualities of the lily, so if he be wise he will prefer the deeper, more essential ones and let the others go. We all appreciate the beauty of the sacrifice of the less to the greater enough to pardon incompleteness if it hints at a greater

possibility. A broken lamp-shade annoys us because completeness is one of the few perfections of which it is capable, but the fragmentary condition of the Nike of Samothrace does not disturb us, because she hints at such splendor of beauty. The whole teaching of art is that beauty lies in right relation rather than in things in themselves, and this is true in life as well. A very perfect dress may have actual beauty, yet if we know that it was paid for with money that should have gone to settle a long-standing grocer's bill, it looks positively ugly to us. "The beautiful is the suitable," as Millet said. Each thing is beautiful only by virtue of its right relation to some larger whole of which it forms a part; and this is so deeply true that things may almost be said to have a worthy existence as minus quantities in any whole which is more complete without them.

The law of the whole with the relations it prescribes cannot be of fundamental helpfulness to us unless we realize that it is a universal law, reaching from the far heights of the spiritual and moral realms down to our daily life with one omnipresent and most practical precept, that of subordination, — the sacrifice of the less to the greater, — because only through the greater

can the real prosperity of the less be obtained. The pain that we feel at times in obeying this law becomes transfigured for us when we realize that by it we are linked to the greatest forces of earth or heaven. It makes all things one for us, and though it at first seems to diminish and limit us, we find in the end that it allies us with all that is most splendid and controlling.

We have said that sacrifice under the guidance of the whole is constructive. Without such guidance it may be very much the reverse. In seeking the guidance of the whole we must always conceive it as the deepest, largest meaning which any collection of elements is capable of expressing. The meaning must always be held as greater than any material whole in which it is embodied. The meaning is the life, the appeal for recognition by other wholes; and this, although we do not always appreciate the fact, invariably transcends any material form that contains it, while at the same time it causes that form to exist. While it is certainly true in art that a thing exists only by virtue of the right mutual relation of its own parts, it is also true that its meaning, its life, is found only in its relation to some larger whole of which it itself forms a part. The eye in a

portrait, for instance, has individuality by means of the right adjustment of its form, color, and setting, but as an eye it has value only by virtue of its right relation as part of the head; the head exists by virtue of its right relation to the body. The whole figure may be but part of a great pictured assemblage in whose importance the final cause and justification for every minor detail are found. Thus we see that each whole is upheld by its meaning, its relation to some larger whole which includes it, and which in turn is related to a still larger one, and so on *ad infinitum*. We have no right to arrest this principle at any point. If we do so in painting, and, taking our stand on the doctrine of "art for art's sake," insist that a beautiful thing is its own justification quite apart from those larger relations which give it its moral and spiritual significance, by that very insisting we limit the life of our beautiful thing, because we cut it off from that great scheme of relation which binds all things together, each grade depending on the next higher one, until we reach the greatest Whole of all.

But we are still such Babel builders, so much surer of the solid earth beneath our feet than of anything else, so determined to scale heaven by piling one stone upon

another, that we are slow to appreciate that the meaning is really the life of all things, and must come down to us from above, from that which is greater than ourselves. It is just here that art, with her insistence on the doctrine of relation, may furnish a useful element to our thinking, though it is unfortunately true that artists are as slow as the rest of mankind to see the larger bearings of their own truth. So profound is the doctrine of relation, so self-evident is it in art that everything exists only by virtue of its relation to something beyond itself, that when, carrying this principle farther and farther, we postulate a greatest Whole of all in which all others are included and in which they find their complete meaning, we feel instinctively that even that transcendent whole must have some meaning beyond itself, some infinite self-forgetting, or it could not continue to live.

It is often more helpful to us to think of wholeness as a living immanent principle, than to think of its embodiment in any particular whole, even the greatest. It is the arresting of this principle at some special point, and assuming that this point is the whole to which everything else must be related, that brings disastrous results both in life and in art. Such arresting is the

ground of all idolatry, because all wholes of which we have any experimental knowledge — rulers, organizations, we ourselves — are merely points of expression liable to be reconstructed by the very idea that has brought them into being, as the painter makes a replica in which he modifies and clarifies a favorite thought. It is therefore dangerous for us to demand that others should sacrifice themselves to us, as if we, as mere human beings, had any final right to such sacrifice. In a sense we are wholes, capable of enforcing obedience; but in another sense we are fragments, our personality helpless and dependent for existence even upon its relation to the greatest Whole of all. Our dependence far outbalances our power, and this thought should make us pitiful and teach us to render mercy as we hope to receive it. On the other hand, such power and responsibility as are rightly ours receive a tremendous sanction when we regard ourselves as appointed transmitters of the highest law, bound to apply and enforce its demands, and doing so wisely and safely so long as we remember our own dependent position. This truth gives us both the justification for and the limitations of the "divine right of kings."

There is another way in which we often obstruct the working of the whole; namely, by our lack of faith in its operation within ourselves to bring all the elements of our own lives into harmonious coöperation. Here again we take upon ourselves the responsibility that should belong only to the law. We propose to ourselves some imaginary whole of sectarian propriety, some bloodless ideal from which we omit a large part of the real contents of life, and then press this atrophied conception down upon our living by various forms of asceticism in the expectation of a very holy result. We might as well try to raise a prize apple by cutting off half the roots of the apple-tree. Only the whole conceived in the fullest possible way can rightly guide us both to development and sacrifice.

The whole in itself stands for development — it is always the ideal towards which humanity should strive; but when we consider the life of the whole, the principle of wholeness, the law by which the opposing elements that go to make up every whole receive their mutual adjustment, we find this law to be the law of sacrifice; never sacrifice for its own sake, but sacrifice in view of some greater thing to be attained. This is the truth most vigor-

ously brought home to us by the painter's experience; and as through sacrifice the parts of any whole come into their right mutual relation, that relation tends to bind them together and reveal them to one another so that the spirit of sacrifice is transformed into the spirit of recognition and love, the spirit of life itself.

The artist's experience may help us to understand this transformation, and to see how the power which enforces obedience and sacrifice is akin to love. Power as we know it in this world usually rouses opposition. Even if we consider friction as merely a necessity for the application of power, there is not only inertia to be overcome, but often violent resistance. A man compelled to labor may be not only lazy but insubordinate. Thus opposition tends to drive apart; but the problem of humanity, as of the artist, is to bring things together in a perfect mutual relation.

To illustrate, let us suppose a perfect artist, complete in wisdom and endowment. Let us take one of the tints on his palette as representing a human life, and see how the law of the whole will affect that. We will imagine the tint as endowed with a certain amount of self-directive energy. It finds itself in its place without knowing

whence it came; it is to be handled by a power which it does not understand, and with which it has at first no sympathy. It would naturally, guided by its likings and dislikings, work itself into some sort of relation with its immediate neighbors, but owing to its limited point of view, this relation would not be characterized by any great breadth or wisdom. Meanwhile, quietly but firmly the artist would be moving among all the tints, and placing them as he found necessary for the expression of his idea. He would love the colors for their own beauty, but he would know that they could gain a far higher value as expressing his thought, and that therefore the best thing that could happen to them would be to serve his use in whatever way that thought demanded. Our tint would thus find a mysterious compulsion disposing of it beyond, and often against, its will, and would probably rebel, especially when it found itself set by the side of a tint from quite the other end of the scale. It might rebel for a long time, but if at last, whether because it could not help itself, or because of some unexpectedly discovered inner sympathy with the spirit of the artist, it should yield itself wholly to his will, it would find as his thought came at last to

complete expression, that by virtue of its rightful place in the picture it shared a much higher and more enduring life than was possible to it in its first estate. Instead of being a mere individual tint, it would gain a personal quality by its relation to all the other tints in the expression of the artist's idea, and hence would be in a condition to understand something of his personality, which would be hidden from it before. In short, it would have changed its basis from the actual to the ideal. It would now feel itself strangely upheld by the relations into which it had entered in obedience to the artist's will; relations not of its own choosing, but which, because of their right adjustment to the whole to be expressed, would open countless channels to the full understanding of that whole and participation in its life. The tint entering upon these would be conscious of a joyful freedom and inflowing life to which it had hitherto been an absolute stranger, and at the same time its place in the larger whole would be assured to it with a stability inconceivable in its former unrelated condition. Its entire life would become love, or enjoyment of the larger relation.

Such change as this, such setting over of the centre of life from the individual to

the universal standpoint, is the substance of conversion or what is known as a religious experience, under whatever outward circumstances it may occur. It is the universal testimony that this opens a new world of love and joy. A human life, led by outward events and inward processes as various as the infinity of souls born into this world, passing perhaps through bitter pain and struggle, comes at last to accept the law of the whole as the only possible law of its being, and finds at once numberless channels of sympathy opening in every direction through which its life flows forth to meet other life in that happy interchange that we know as love.

# III. INDIVIDUALITY

"J'estime qu'en fait d'art il n'y a pas de redites à craindre. Tout est vieux et tout est nouveau ; les choses changent avec le point de vue ; il n'y a de definitif et d'absolu que les lois du beau : il transforme tout ce qu'il touche, il ajoute aux choses plus encore qu'il ne leur enlève ; il renouvellerait, plutôt que de l'epuiser, la source intarissable des idées. Le jour où parait une œuvre d'art, fût-elle accomplie, chacun peut dire, avec l'ambition de poursuivre la sienne et de ne répéter personne, que cette œuvre est à refaire, ce qui est très-encourageant pour l'esprit humain." — Eugène Fromentin, *Une Année dans le Sahel*, p. 33.

"E, se il mondo giù ponesse mente
Al fondamento che natura pone,
Seguendo lui avria buona la gente,
Ma voi torcete alla religione
Tal che fu nato a cingersi la spada
E fate re di tal ch' è da sermone
Onde la traccia vostra è fuor di strada."
Dante, *Purgatorio*, Canto VIII. line 142.

## III. INDIVIDUALITY

IN proceeding to regions of life in which we ourselves are the parts, we can of course have no such survey of the content of the whole as is possible in looking at the work of an artist. All we can do is to carry the principles learned by the artist as essential to his achievement into higher realms, and see what would result from their operation on the largest conceivable scale. The principle of wholeness leads us inevitably to a higher and higher application of itself. When we discover that in a picture at least everything exists and has meaning by virtue of its relation to something beyond itself, — and further that every work of art has a worthy existence only when rightly related to truths of external nature or of human feeling as perceived by man, — when we discover these things, we see that the transitive nature of the principle we have recognized will give us no rest, until with ardor yet with reverence we have traced its working up to the very throne of God, and found in that Supreme Unity the consummate and perfect relation from which all lesser units are evolved.

The artist has certain advantages for this task. He needs no elaborate philosophy to prove to him that opposites can be resolved in a higher unity, because he always begins with the unity itself, — that is, with a thought, a conception, a whole seeking expression, — and he finds in the oppositions and contrasts by which he is surrounded the means of that expression made ready to his hand. The sharper the contrast, the more completely he can set forth his idea; because the longer the scale between the extremes of dark and light, the more intermediate shades there are, and hence the more power he has to enrich his picture by complexity of detail. He therefore in his work rejoices in, and profits by, those very conditions which in human life we rebel against. We find ourselves in the midst of oppositions. We are deeply identified with one side or another in controversy. We feel that we could not maintain any semblance of self-respect were we to abandon the truth for which we stand; and in this we are doubtless right, for the artist could never paint his picture unless each of his colors had a definite place in the scale. Yet if our truth and the truth of our opponent are both contained in the greater unity, there must be some discover-

able relation between them, and this relation, if we can only find it, may be the meaning for the sake of which both his truth and our truth exist.

Let us now pass to a consideration, from the point of view of art, of the truth of individuality, which we may hold to mean the definite and (if we had a survey of the whole) ascertainable place occupied by each creature in the infinite scale of being.

All colors can, in theory at least, be reduced to a scale, but when we get beyond the simple prismatic tints, the scale becomes an enormously complex one. Blue, for example, scales all the way from purple to green. An admixture of red turns it towards purple, and an admixture of yellow turns it towards green; so blues range all the way from ultramarine to turquoise. These two phases of blue blend into each other so imperceptibly that it is hard to say where pure unadulterated blue can be found. It seems as if, when the purple element had been withdrawn from one side and the green from the other, there would be nothing left between. A similar thing is true of all the other colors.

In addition to the gradation of which we have been speaking, each shade is modified by its degree of purity and luminosity,

so that we have to imagine other scales running across the original one; and when we come to the innumerable shades of brown and gray, themselves compound tints modified endlessly by other compound tints, the whole scale becomes so complex that it is impossible to think it out, though that is no reason for doubting its orderly existence. It is sufficient to say that from the point of view of the whole — all the tints at once — such a scale must exist, and in it must be found the exact place to which each tint has an inalienable right by virtue of its relation to the tints on either side of it, and through them to all the rest. Thus relation is the ground of every tint's existence. It occupies a place of which it may be said that it is more than this, and less than that, and therefore not identical with either. It is thus isolated, separated out, which is the meaning of the word individual.

Now we have no more knowledge of the original constituents of being than we have of the composition of a ray of light. We can analyze a character, as we can unfold a ray in the spectroscope, but what it is made of and why it all goes together as it does is a mystery to us. We may reduce everything to vibrations, but the law of their combination to produce the various effects

that we see is beyond our ken. Art and music, with their laws of harmony derived from man's experience that certain combinations are pleasing and coherent, while others are the reverse, furnish us perhaps the best analogies and suggestions for understanding this difficult subject, and science might do worse than to take account of the instinctive perceptions of the artist as indicating the direction at least in which to look for the explanation of certain phenomena.

If our analogy from colors be worth anything, we may believe, in general, that a human individuality is the adjustment of certain fundamental elements in a fashion differing more or less from any adjustment that has ever been made of them before. The character that is immediately under our eye may, like some compound tint, be far removed in appearance from the primitive elements, but as, like the tint, it must be made from modifications of them, they reach up to it through these modifications and thus really lie at its foundation. It is therefore safe to speak of the fundamental elements, and only by means of them can one get any clear definitions. The fact that a certain green is yellower than one green and bluer than another discriminates it for the time being, but does not give it

any fixed status unless we take all imaginable shades of green into account, and see also how green is related to all the other expressive phases of the ray of light. Yet as this is ideally possible, we can see that, when we assume the whole, relativity becomes for us an assurance of reality, and discriminations are seen to be so deeply founded that they will stand fast.

But this is only a negative ground for existence. Because a thing is not something else, does it follow that it is anything in itself? Certainly not unless we assume always an opposing pair of elements which hold the thing we are considering as between a thumb and forefinger and prevent its disappearing in either direction. Fortunately these are not far to seek. The world is full of them, and they have always given philosophers a great deal of trouble. If when a statement is made an opposite statement is always possible, if the perpendicular involves the horizontal, if light involves dark, etc., then between any of these pairs there are always many possibilities of adjustment of opposing tendencies, and therefore many possible realities. We are thus led to believe that a certain relation between opposing elements may actually cause an individuality to exist, or rather

that it may be the means of its existence, the final cause lying back in the whole that prescribes the relation. It is clear that our recognition of individuality depends largely on relation. We decipher an illegible word full as much by the context as by spelling out its component letters, and there are not many stars that even the wisest astronomer could name if they were alone in the field of his telescope, and he had no idea of their height from the horizon or of their celestial neighbors. If we are blind to the fact that relation also constitutes individuality, it is because the component elements of a character, a star, or of anything that exists, being held together by relation, form a whole, and that whole is always what impresses us. In picture making certainly, we have found that nothing can be made to exist except by virtue of the right mutual relation of its parts. Now if the elements which, in innumerable adjustments, and under an infinitude of modifications from various causes, make up every human individuality, are fundamental ones, reaching through no matter how many intermediaries to the extremes of the scale, then definition and reality are assured to every individual by his relation to everything else, and through

everything else to the whole. His existence is therefore a fact, though dependent on relation.

This dependence we do not realize until we get some glimpse of the whole. We are inclined rather to hug the fact for its own sake, and have therefore an overweening confidence in the importance of our human individuality as such, and feel that we must maintain and barricade it by resisting all pressure from without, whereas if we understood that our individuality is really established and maintained by forces outside of us, we should trust these forces more and feel less heavy and narrow responsibility for the conservation of that which is really not in our own keeping at all. A deeper view of the ideal grounding of our individuality would give us a greater reverence for it, and at the same time would increase our freedom in its use and development. We should see that no training can destroy it, no calamity cut it off, no physical death wipe it out. We should appreciate that because each of us expresses a unique relation of elements, so each of us has unique possibilities, rights, and duties that no man can take from us. Herein lies the supreme native dignity of every human soul.

We may now inquire what the most fundamental elements are that go to make up a human individuality.

One of the best ways of finding out what man is in himself is to study the things he makes for his own use, especially if he makes them unconsciously and instinctively. We may be able to read him through them. Probably nothing stands closer to man than the structures he builds, for though these are made less instinctively than the shell of the fish, the nest of the bird, and the dam of the beaver, yet in them, broadly speaking, man expresses himself, and they are therefore made in his likeness. Hence we may gain some deeper knowledge of man if we study his buildings and find out of what contrasting elements they are composed. We could of course read a man from all his acts and his dealings with other persons, but as other persons react on and modify him in a way that inanimate things do not except to a very limited extent, we can understand his naked individuality best by studying his dealing with inanimate things.

In looking at buildings we shall be likely to note first the superficial elements, and take account of the materials employed. We may say in looking at a

structure that the character of its exterior depends on the proportions in which the wood and stone, or the wood and brick that compose it are combined. Or we may see in it chiefly the proportionate relation of wall space and openings, which proportion sums up much of the difference between a factory and a fortress, in the first of which the chief requirement is window space for light, while the latter needs chiefly wall space for defence. We may note any one of the many adjustments of rough and smooth surfaces, of planes and curves, of perpendicular and horizontal lines, of any of the pairs, in short, that go to make up the building, and say that in these elements and in their adjustment lies its special character; but if we look deeply we shall find that these things are all more or less incidental, and that the real individuality of the building depends on its meaning, on the intent for which it was designed. Moreover, we shall find that this intent, however disguised in dwelling, factory, or institution, by temporary causes, is always some adjustment of those abstract elements which we call the individual and the universal; that it is some expression of the relation of man to his environment. This simple but most fundamental relation is

in fact the essence of all building; man's need to go in under shelter both from weather and from enemies, demanding the roof and the walls, while his need to go out and to see out, demands the door and the windows.

A hotel is more universal than individual because so many persons lodge there without impressing themselves upon it, yet it has a certain grace imparted to it by the effort to please its guests; a recognition of the individual element which saves it from the bare universality of a factory, where everything expresses use, the individual being present there merely for the ends he can serve. A private house tells the story of its owner's character; whether narrowly individual and shut in to himself, or full of that spirit of hospitality and recognition of his environment that demands wide doorways, sunshine, and generous provisions for comfort. In mere external form also, the individual and universal elements in varying combination give us all the different styles of architecture; the Greek, with its harmonious and balanced proportion, being more universal than the Gothic, with its aspiring lines, irregular forms, and individual caprices of ornament.

Of course this is a most general statement. Temporary necessity and a thousand other causes may qualify it and produce marked exceptions to the rule, yet in general it is true that we can grade and classify a structure most permanently when, making due allowance for the style of architecture and the social conditions existing at the time of its erection, we look below the surface enough to see in it an adjustment of the most fundamental elements that we have any knowledge of — namely, the individual and the universal.

Now if this be true of a building, one of the forms in which man most clearly expresses his own meaning, may it not also be true of man himself? May we not see in every individual, under all the modifications of race, parentage, and temperament, some basic adjustment of those fundamental elements which are the very conditions of our thinking; those elements that we call the individual and the universal, the part and the whole, standing in an omnipresent relation to each other?

The words individual and universal are of course very abstract; and necessarily so, because we are trying to express that opposition and relation that appear in some form wherever we look, by terms that are not lim-

ited to any special conditions, as would be the case if we spoke of man and nature, of masculine and feminine, of love and truth, or of any of the innumerable pairs of elements that we see in the world about us. We are trying to find that which underlies and includes all these other pairs; that which is their essence, and by analogy to which all the others can be explained. We can find these fundamental elements in everything. Nothing exists that does not partake of them both, though one usually preponderates over the other. We see them both in large and in small; in the macrocosm and the microcosm; the universal supplying the element of breadth and repose, the individual that of initiative and movement. When we seek to be more specific we can identify the individual with the centrifugal force, the universal with the centripetal: the individual with the perpendicular line, the universal with the horizontal: the individual with the masculine temperament, the universal with the feminine.

When we come to higher regions and try to identify the individual with love, because love suggests out-going motion; and the universal with truth, because truth suggests repose and balance, we touch that interchangeableness of the two elements which

hints that each of them is but the other seen from a different point of view. We say that the individual corresponds with the masculine and we also identify it with love, yet love seems to be a more feminine quality than truth. The fact is that when we consider these most subtle and spiritual phases of the omnipresent duality, the two elements are so interwoven as to be almost indistinguishable. Both are individual, both are universal.

But, broadly speaking, we can divide the persons we know into two classes, one of which gets hold of life chiefly through its instincts, the receptive feminine type; the other by its reasoning faculties, the masculine aggressive type; and this quite irrespective of their being men or women. In every department of life, too, we can make this distinction, though the sub-departments often contradict the main inclination of the character. Sculpture is more masculine than painting, yet a sculptor may have a feminine touch, while a woman painter may handle her subjects in sculpturesque fashion.

Of course such discriminations as we are speaking of cannot be stated with scientific precision. They could doubtless be so stated if we had the complete scale of being in all its complexity within our grasp.

But this is now and must always be beyond the capacity of the human mind. When we would define and classify an individuality, we must compare it with others not too widely separated from it, thus forming a class or limit within which we can observe the interworking of those elements which are the same, alike in their largest and their smallest manifestations. Related values are always our guide. It is no dictionary method. For example — all educated persons can write something. Those who write more and better than the rest form the class that we call authors. Between any two authors discriminations can again be made, and these will correspond to the distinction of the whole and the part. It is told of Dumas and Victor Hugo that when they had new plays that they wished to introduce to a manager, they went about it in exactly opposite fashions, Dumas launching his production as a whole, all at once, from the outside, while Hugo proceeded more cautiously, putting a shrewd suggestion in the mind of the manager and letting it develop from within.

It would be hard to trace the complex interweavings of the two elements through all their manifestations, even were they not further complicated by external influences

and disguised by incomplete development. In trying to accomplish the impossible feat of deciphering them from the outside, one might distribute "questionnaires," and setting a whole community to record experiences, tabulate them to the end of time without coming to any clear result, just as in picture-making one may compare colors point by point, and trace every eyelash and wrinkle, without ever making a living portrait; the trouble in both cases being that we begin with the details instead of the whole, with the outward and often accidental manifestation, rather than with the inward verity.

The artist finds an immense relief from the complicated and fruitless strain of following out details, and regains that clear vision from which alone he can work, when he draws back from his subject and sees the whole summed up in a few broad simple masses. So, in looking at any subject, the larger and more simple our perception of it, the more truly we have it at our command. This method is doubtless opposed to the spirit of to-day, but for that very reason it is greatly needed, and for that very reason the artist's experience may help us, because he is obliged to look at things as wholes. Surface details may blind our

eyes to the larger aspect, or even contradict it, yet because the larger is more deeply true than they, it is permanent while they are ephemeral.

We get a broad, simple grasp of life when we see in it an ever-varying yet progressive adjustment of man, the individual, to his environment, the universal. We get an equally broad and simple view of mankind when we see both in individuals and in groups of individuals — such as cities, nations, etc., which also have their individual character — some special adjustment of those fundamental elements that we call the individual and the universal, simply because these words, better than any others, express that omnipresent opposition and relation within the Whole whereby it seems to weave all things out of itself.

It must be understood that all we have here been saying regards only that fixed natural quality that belongs to us each as an individual, that which we are born with, which is ours without the asking. What we can do with this quality, how we can use it to enter into relations and thereby develop character, will be the subject of the next chapter.

# IV. PERSONALITY

"Only That which made us, meant us to be mightier
by and by,
Set the sphere of all the boundless Heavens within
the human eye.

"Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless, thro'
the human soul;
Boundless inward, in the atom, boundless outward,
in the whole."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*.

"C'était l'expression d'un *moi*, qui ne pouvant déchoir, et n'ayant pas à s'élever, conserve une égale humeur avec tous." —*Figaro*, — said of the Prince de Sagan.

# IV. PERSONALITY

ALL that has hitherto been said concerns the mere fact of existence, the wholeness that belongs to each of us by right of birth, our individual standpoint in the scheme of creation.

Our personality is a much higher thing than this. It is a larger wholeness made possible for us by our connection with all other life, and developed through recognition by us of our relations to other beings and to the external world. An able thinker has well said that "the personal is the individual in its relations with the universal." We have a certain awe of the word person as something higher and less easily apprehended than individual. The word individual means isolated, separated out. The word person (from *persona*, a mask, symbol of a character) while preserving the idea of individual separateness, hints at recombination and far-reaching relations, because character is formed only by contact with others. "Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille; sich ein charakter in dem Strom der Welt." The personal always means the responsive, the recognizing.

Practically speaking, what do we mean by personality? What is a person as we know him? As he passes us in the street undistinguished from the throng he is merely an individual, but if he be a man renowned for brave deeds he becomes a person to us even before we have met him. His relation to life, expressed by those deeds, has made him more than an individual in our thought. When we know him personally, as we say, and he enters into an actual relation with us of acquaintance or of friendship, we no longer think of him as merely an individual. He is a person. Yet what makes him a person? Not his face alone, or his hands, or his bodily presence, for the first might be marred, the second cut off, and the third removed to a distance, yet our conception of him and his method of dealing with life, his way, would still remain. Do we not love to speak for our dead or absent friends, and tell what they would have said if present, so sure do we feel how their personality would act in any given set of circumstances? We have a sense of their quality that is quite independent of its physical embodiment, dear as that may be. When we think of their personality we think of them as acting, speaking, lov-

ing, using the body as an instrument; so it seems that it is always the individual in relation to other individuals that constitutes the person.

To recapitulate, we may say that the individual is such by virtue of a certain coherent relation of the two elements that we call the individual and the universal; and that he becomes a person and reacts towards the universal by entering into relations with the external world through his senses, and into relations with other human life through his affections and his will. All these things produce their impression on him, and he in turn influences them, his natural quality taking on different hues according to the differing characters of the wholes to which he finds himself related, in such capacities, perhaps, as father of a family, member of a business firm, and of a musical club. He may appear like a different person in each of these different capacities, yet he is always capable of falling back on his native and indestructible individuality which does not change, however much circumstances may modify its expression.

Here again we have a beautiful analogy from colors. The graded color-scale of which we have spoken, and in which all the tints fall into line like the soldiers in

an army, has no expressive life — it simply exists. It is only when some selected tints are brought together to express an idea that they become transparent with meaning. Their aspect is greatly modified by the juxtaposition in which they find themselves in any given whole or picture. A greenish blue may be made to look almost purple by putting a bright yellow beside it, and may also be fairly turned to green by the near presence of a shade of violet, yet it will be the same color through all its apparent modifications. The point to be noted is that by lending itself to various combinations every tint acquires an expressive value, and therefore, if it were sentient, would enjoy a delightful feeling of variety and movement that could never belong to it while it remained fixed in its narrow individuality.

Applying this truth to the human individual, one wonders why men and women are so afraid of entering into the fullest possible relations with life, of opening their minds to every sort of truth, of spending and being spent for the sake of others, of cultivating sympathetic relations with all classes of society. The cause of our distrust in these directions is partly at least to be found in our uncertainty of ourselves,

due to our imperfect appreciation of the deep grounding of our individuality. We are afraid to compromise ourselves, and do not understand that the only thing in us which has any real value is eternal, and can by no means be taken from us: that it is, on the contrary, developed, illuminated, and made glorious by the widest possible acknowledgment of relations on every side.

Of course both right relations and wrong relations are possible to man. Right relations are those which help to carry into complete expression that thought or phase of the whole which lies at the base of each individuality. Wrong relations are those which, because they do not take this largest Whole of all and its intention into account, are partial and one-sided. The largest Whole of all, like a consummate artist, works always to clarify all forms of its expression; so a constraint is constantly brought to bear upon man in this direction, which conflicts with and overrules many relations into which he has blindly entered on his own account. This is the mill in which our lives are ground. It is here that we are met by the constant demand for sacrifice. The individual is called to suffer in the interests of some larger whole,

perhaps unperceived by him, of which he ideally forms a part. This experience is familiar to every one of us. That which is not so plainly seen is the very comforting truth which we discern in art, namely, that such sacrifice is in its essence constructive; and that the individual, seemingly shattered by means of his relation to some larger whole, really loses by such shattering only the outer husk which held him limited and apart in his individuality, so that the real eternal person is revealed in every human being as he comes, after struggle and pain, into a true relation with his fellows in the largest Whole of all.

Personality must always be acquired upon the basis of individuality: a man must be true to himself through all the relations into which he enters, or they, and consequently his personality, will be false and unreal. It is the knowing what *not* to do, the renouncing of all that does not harmonize with the inner truth, that imparts the fine flavor called personal distinction or style to whatever a man does. Style is the individual element royally holding the universal at the bar of its own private judgment; the man as he is, and as no one else can ever be. This quality of individual truth and rectitude may of course be

carried too far. It may end in niggardly self-hoarding and distrust of all external influences, and this is fully as bad as the opposite extreme of yielding oneself to every transient appeal, and so getting entangled in many a compromising relation.

We endeavored to show in an earlier chapter that there is a close connection between personality and wholeness; that since all wholes of man's making are expressions of his personality, of his sense of relation to life, therefore, all natural objects are conceivably personal expressions, forms under which the infinite Whole manifests itself and through which it seeks recognition. Man in his mere individual existence is the highest of these personal expressions of the Whole, but he has no personality of his own except as he develops it by entering into relations with men and things. Personality in the highest sense always implies some action of the will, some voluntary relation with the universal, so we cannot ascribe complete personality to any but a living, self-conscious creature; yet a touch of it may belong to a house, a dog, a favorite chair or pen, to anything that closely touches human life, that renders sympathy or service, and that is recognized as so doing. Recognition seems to have a great

deal to do with the matter. It is relation become conscious of itself.

Where there is no consciousness of relation, we should not of course say that a whole has personal quality in the ordinary sense of the word personal, yet our definition of the personal as the individual in its relation to the universal would apply to even such things as a seed or a microscopic atom, to anything, in fact, that is both separated out and related. We may therefore say that the same personal or life principle runs from the top to the bottom of the scale, though only those forms which are the higher manifestations of it, such as man for example, can enter into its spirit sufficiently to help it out by voluntary recognition of their environment.

As in ordinary speech we make a clear distinction between man and nature, and never use the word person of any creature less than man, we find a great advantage to our thinking in the use of the terms whole and wholeness, because they stand for that quality of rightly adjusted and therefore expressive relation which may be predicated with equal truth of a grain of sand or an archangel. They may therefore be used all along the line without admitting

any marked line of separation between matter and spirit.

As we study men, the highest wholes of which we have experimental knowledge, we find them to have personality by virtue of their relations to other forms of life. We may believe then, that the higher the grade of any whole is the more it may have of personal quality, because the more capable it is of entering into relations in which it both gives and receives recognition. Inanimate objects receive recognition, but do not give it. Complete recognition on both sides would mean a complete personal relation, vital at every point. We can conceive all the individual elements in the greatest Whole of all as coming into a perfect relation with each other, and through each other with the Whole itself, and thus our very highest conception becomes a personal one. The greatest Whole of all must be only waiting for recognition to become alive in every part. Personality is in our careless thinking so often confounded with individuality that it is held to be something isolated, and limited. As a matter of fact it has no limits, because every individual stands in some discoverable (if opportunity were given) relation to everything else in the universe, and

the greatest Whole of all is such because it includes and is the cause of all other relations, being itself the perfect blending of the individual and the universal.

But enough of theory. We want, if we can find it, some practical testimony that the personal aspect of the whole is the truest one: some proof that the larger and more inclusive the whole the more personal its quality becomes. We need such testimony because the large is for us too often the vague and the indefinite. Just here we may seek help in a new quarter, and ask what the mother, as the ruler of a household, the home-maker, has to tell us. The fatherhood of God has been preached endlessly, the mother side has been neglected; yet this feminine phase of the whole may supply some forgotten elements, because a real mother is the informing genius of the most perfect whole that exists on earth, one in which many lesser wholes, such as children, servants, and household goods find their rightful places as ministering to the general happiness and welfare, while the happiness and welfare of these is the end for which the home as a whole exists.

Of course the father and mother together make the home, but the father stands facing

outwards towards the world, while the mother's chief concern is, or ought to be, with the home itself. She correlates the needs and capacities of all the members of her family, herself often unconscious of the process. Their various interests are summed up and adjusted in her personality, which, absorbed by the interests of the whole, loses all thought of self. She is the whole, the right relation of all the others. She works for order, and why? Because only when things are in their rightful places are they ready for instant personal service. The husband, whose nature and whose training lead him to relate things more to some special end, comes in to put up a shelf perhaps. He leaves his tools about, and the room in disorder. The wife, because the personal sense of the whole is stronger in her, patiently picks up screws and gimlet and puts them where they will be ready for the next call. She works for unity, not because she theorizes about it, but because her loving personality is the unit which constrains each self-willed child to such sacrifices as shall make him a helpful, and consequently happy member of the family. It is her personal conception, her love of all her family at once, that guides her activity and makes each

duty plain. And when she tries to rule her servants wisely, how clear it becomes to her that they suffer and make every one else suffer when, from lack of that sense of the whole which is implied in personal allegiance to her and regard for her interests, they refuse to do some unusual bit of work because it is not in their special department, or withhold some important bit of information because they think it is not their place to give it. In the writer's own experience a trusted upstairs maid allowed the kitchen table-cloths to be gnawed by mice for three successive summers while the house was shut up, cooks having changed in the interval, because she did not consider it her business to speak of what was in the cook's department!

The sense of the whole, the sense of relation to personal need and use, alone makes life clear and reasonable, because it alone fuses scattered duties into an allegiance to a larger will. The good mistress of a household, just because its wholeness and her personality are one, has a very keen sense of the needs, the duties, and the feelings of all its members or parts. She can, and will if necessary, become for a time one of those parts, taking up any work that for some reason of health or pleasure

another may lay aside, but her true place is that of the whole, blessedly alive with sympathy and inspiration for all, and perpetually giving her house itself and all that it contains as a living contribution to society.

We see in all this that the factor needed to make clear to our thinking the personal quality of wholeness is the feminine, the love element. The glorious mission of truth is to push ever onward to further heights and use that which has already been attained only as a stepping-stone to something greater. But this of itself is not enough to make a whole; we must have also the spirit of love, the spirit that turns back, that includes, that never loses sight of the needs of the little ones, that brings kings to worship at the cradle of a newborn babe. Only when we combine these two functions of the Highest, and they are one at their source, do we get a notion of what wholeness really is, and see that in its loftiest manifestations it is most vital and personal.

There are other lines of argument that tend to show the personal character of wholeness. We realize when we visit the house where some great man has lived that it is the personal which unifies and

gives meaning to any collection of objects, and this although centuries may stand between us and the man himself. It is almost like meeting Albert Dürer to go through his old house at Nuremberg. World's Fairs weary us because of their lack of personal coördination and expression. The innumerable objects that they contain do not combine to form a whole in any vital and expressive sense; they have never been sanctified and spiritualized by the actual experience of service; they are as ghastly as an unsmoked fireplace. There is a certain justification for large accumulations of property in the fact that it is by personality that wealth is lifted from the sordid level where it ends in itself, and is transmuted into an expression of its owner's mind and heart. The expression may be faulty and selfish, yet just because it has the unity of a personality behind it, it has a fascination that is lacking to great impersonal enterprises, even if these be undertaken for the public good.

In our human thinking we have hitherto failed to get the inspiring suggestions that may be drawn from the identification of wholeness with personality, because we have limited our idea of a person to man himself. We thus lose the sense of kin-

ship that we might have with all the orders below us, such as animals, plants, and even rocks and the brown earth. The artist instinctively feels that these are a part of his life, and are moved by the same power that moves him. It is pleasant to note that a sense of man's relationship with nature is now rapidly on the increase. This development is often branded as pantheistic and dangerous by those who have man's spiritual concerns deeply at heart, but the truth is that it threatens no manner of danger, but on the contrary promises great joy and enlargement provided we balance it by extending the identification of wholeness with personality in the opposite direction as well, and realize that the higher we rise above man in the scale, the more complete and absolute personality we shall surely find, since the tendency of wholeness to declare itself openly as personality progressively increases from the monad up to man.

We sometimes attach a bad meaning to the word personal just because we limit our conception of personality to man. We consider "personalities" objectionable; a personal God means to us a restricted one. We fancy that we transcend our own personality when we do any great

world-embracing deed, and the Buddhist tells us of a Nirvana in which the personal self shall disappear. All this tends to vagueness of thought about the future, and vagueness of relation to the Highest. What we need is to realize that our individuality is indestructible (unless we ourselves voluntarily destroy it) and that our personality lies in the right relating of this individuality to everything else in the universe; so that our personality is never a thing to be abandoned and cast aside, but rather to be progressively entered into and enjoyed. That which we must outgrow and cast aside is our own limiting conception of, and consciousness of, self. This we stupidly and mistakenly call our personality, and we pride ourselves on it, thinking primarily of everything in the universe as related to us and to our own desires, until taught by suffering we learn to relate ourselves and everything else to the greatest Whole of all.

Thus personality may be a very great or a very small conception, according as we view it. The impersonal, which word we often use to express our sense of that which transcends the personal, is really the more deeply and nobly personal because it is that which belongs to the World-per-

sonality of which each of us is a fragment. For example, all the works of an artist are expressions of his personality, of his sense of relation to life; because, however much he may scorn the idea of working for the approbation and applause of his contemporaries, it is certain that he could never be at the pains to externalize his ideas at all if he had not some expectation that his thought would be recognized sooner or later. In proportion as he is a great man, however, the appeal for recognition that he makes through his work will be a general and impersonal one. That is to say, his own personality though embodied in the work will claim nothing for itself, and the appeal it makes will not be to any human individual or class as such. In this sense it will be impersonal, yet it will be deeply personal in the sense that it seeks the approbation of the Whole and will have no lesser judge. Works animated by this spirit carry their own atmosphere of purity and elevation with them, whereas it would be fatal to the modesty of any statue, nude or draped, if it should seem to ogle and demand a recognition terminating in itself, instead of one that passes through and beyond it to the Spirit of Beauty that animates all noble art, and which, we cannot

say it too often, is in the deepest sense a personal spirit.

To sum up the thoughts of this chapter and the foregoing, we may say that individuality is the truth of existence or fact, and that personality is the truth of relation; recognition of relation being the process whereby the lower wholeness or individuality is developed into the higher wholeness or personality.

We all have within us a strong sense of both the lower and the higher wholeness. The first is allied to our ideas of truth, the last to our ideas of love. Our instinctive likings and dislikings in matters of taste bear witness to this. Why is it that elaborate cast-iron work is so often offensive? Why is it that intentionally streaked and mottled surfaces such as are to be seen in modern hardware are so odious? Why is a cooking-stove resplendent with nickel-plating and reeking with ornament so hideous? Why is scented mucilage an abomination? Simply because all these insult the deep truth of individuality. In the first two the ornament is got too cheaply. It is not structural. It offends our instinctive sense that elaboration belongs only to that which is highly organized. It is therefore not genuine. The

cooking-stove which tries to masquerade as a parlor pet loses the quiet dignity that belongs to it as an indispensable household adjunct, while it wholly fails of its ambition to please by an elaborate exterior which has no more relation to its real nature than the fragrance of checkerberry has to the composition of mucilage. It is trying to enter into relations for which it is naturally unfit. Then again, why does a person of taste always prefer hangings made of some beautiful stuff that comes by the yard to those curtains that are woven on purpose with elaborate borders defining their shape? Why are the paper napkins with colored borders that the Japanese send over to us now, so much less attractive than those they used to make with an all over pattern of snowy flakes on a filmy white ground? Why is it that one hates a book-agent? Because all these things are an insult to personality. Such devices crowd us and trench on our personal rights. We do not wish to have our wants too much anticipated, our decorations too clearly prescribed. We assert our right to find beautiful material where we will, and shape it to our own ends. We are unwilling to accept the personal conception of the maker of curtains or napkins,

or of the book-agent as to what we ought to have, because he does not stand in that relation of real sympathy to us which alone could give him a right to advise.

Ideas as well as men and things have their individuality and receive personal shaping when loved and brooded over by the human spirit. Professor Springer, writing on Italian Art, says: "In accordance with an admirable custom of classic antiquity, the once perfected type of a plastic figure was not again arbitrarily abandoned, but rigidly adhered to and continually reproduced." Here again we have the individual type fixed and definite. When an artist wished to make a Venus, Bacchus, or Mars, so much was settled for him in advance, and the statue he produced had value only as expressing his personal attitude towards the type. It was the outcome of his individuality confronted with the individuality of the accepted norm.

We shall do better work in many ways when we learn that none of us can wholly reshape the world's ideals, but that by yielding ourselves sympathetically to their intent we may each contribute a personal inflection that will have its value. It is much better in most cases to accept certain fixed types and to vary within their

limits than to strive for some novelty that shall overset precedent and drive previous forms out of the field. This is especially true in architecture. A really beautiful creation recognizes the type with sympathy before it proceeds to make variations on it, just as a courteous speaker bows to his audience before beginning his discourse, or as a well-dressed woman follows the general lines of the prevailing fashion and yet makes some special adaptation of them to her individual face and figure. It thus puts the whole before the part, love before mere individual truth.

It is worth noting that all the most delicate and subtle indications of personal quality can be better discerned and therefore appreciated when many persons are doing the same simple and unquestioned deed, than when each is striving to assert himself in some untried field. The latter may cause more wonderment and talk, but the first has aroma and we take it to our hearts.

Thus in the works of our hands as well as in our own lives we find that departures from the main theme are beautiful only so long as we keep a sense that the main theme is there to relate them to. This is the secret of music, and of all

beauty; the fixed as the source and spring of the varying; infinite permutations proceeding from a stationary root: personality, compact, resolute, reassuring, or changeful, elusive and perfume-like, yet always true to its individual basis.

# V. EXISTENCE AND RELATION

" C'est ainsi que la connaissance de la loi du mouvement des planètes n'est devenue possible que lorsque l'homme eut répudié l'idée de l'immobilité de la terre." — Count Lyof N. Tolstoi, " Les Français à Moscow," *La Guerre et la Paix*, vol. iv.

" To the desire then, and pursuit of this whole, the name of Love is given." — Plato, *Symposium*.

" Not in the strength of duty but of love,
Not as Fate wills, but as their comrades call,
The stars of midnight in their orbits move,
Each drawn to each, and all afire for all."
Edmond Holmes, *The Silence of Love*.

## V. EXISTENCE AND RELATION

THE artist is a terrible idealist. For him beauty alone lives. All else is but negation. Beauty alone is the true, the good, and the permanent. This creed, which sounds at first somewhat pagan, is found to have considerable moral stamina when we discover that what the serious artist means by the beautiful is not the merely melodious, soft, and superficially pleasing, but rather that which has expression, and reveals life and character. Life is the great essential of beauty. A work of art which expresses noble life, which refracts and multiplies our sense of living, even though it do this by painting a corpse, is a beautiful work.

Probably no more profound definition of beauty can be given than this — that it is the expression of life. This definition includes and unites all lesser ones, because life unifies all the often contradictory elements that go to the making of beauty — such, for instance, as strength and grace, rest and motion, simplicity and complexity, etc. Only life can bring these opposites into harmonious and beautiful relation. Professor Van Dyke, writing in defence

of the homelier types of beauty expressed by the Dutch painters and by such a man as Millet, in contrast to the old-fashioned, strictly classical ideal, points out how absurd a Greek goddess would look in a French potato field — not more so, in truth, than Millet's broad-backed women would look in a Greek temple. In either case there would be no beauty because no possible fitness to the environment, and hence no expression of life. Life lies in the relation between man and his surroundings. Of course there are many grades, many types of beauty, but modern art is showing us that man will not rest satisfied in any final definition of it less broad than life itself. Life is the supreme good, and beauty should be commensurate with it.

Now the beauty of a tree, of a path, of anything we may choose to paint, is rendered, like the living beauty of a human face, by setting the parts in right relation, hence the artist, finding this to be universally true, fears not to assert that beauty lies not so much in things in themselves, as in the relation in which they stand to one another. The mountain outline is beautiful against its background of sky — we cannot think of one without the other. The river and the lake borrow half their

charm from their banks, softly shelving, precipitous, grassy, or reed-grown. The red and white spotted cows against the pasture grass, the white mare standing with her foal under the apple-tree, her coat dappled with patches of sunlight and opal shadow, the tiger in the jungle, the deer in the forest, all have their beauty, not so much in themselves as in the relation in which they stand to other things. The beauty of a single object also is found to depend on the right relation of its parts. Take a rose for instance, which is a combination of elements brought together by nature with surpassing art. Separate these elements, strip the rosy petals from the coronal of golden stamens set on their pale green disk, cut away the leaves, break the flower from the stem whose claret thorns and modulations of green and red sum up the color scheme of the plant, and the beauty is gone. Each of the elements has a certain beauty of its own, a beauty of form, texture, and color, but the life of the rose, its loveliness, its meaning, come from their combination and the relation that each part bears to all the rest. Hence we may truly say that the rose, as such, exists just by virtue of that relation. The somewhat technical words ensemble and

values bear witness to the artist's habitual recognition of the importance of this truth. The ensemble, correctly translated by "the altogether," means the whole, but the whole as conceived in its manifoldness, while the values mean the parts, but the parts only as they stand in relation to each other and to the whole.

The artist's creed is absolute idealism, so far as his own work is concerned. Not only the life and beauty of things, but their actual existence is a matter of relation. The trouble with him is that he does not often carry his creed to its ultimate conclusion and apply it to morals as well as to art. If he did this he could see that his finest picture, though a whole in itself, is yet but a part of the greater whole of human life, and must therefore express the soundness and health, rather than the corruption and decay of that life, if it would have permanent value. Art, literature, human life itself, twist themselves into many grotesque and unwholesome shapes for want of faith in this simple principle of relation which, once accepted, sends a purifying breeze through all dark and stagnant places.

Art gives us a great vantage ground for high reasoning because, with her assertion

that beauty alone has living reality and that all else should be, and is sure ultimately to be, neglected and left to perish from its own unrelatedness, she disposes of a number of our most troublesome ethical problems. Her creed is an all-sufficient one if, as we have just said, she accepts it in its full length and breadth and will call nothing beautiful that is not so in virtue of its highest relations. Once accept this position; assume the whole, and force everything to face towards it, and the old-fashioned dualism between good and evil as equal powers disappears, and in its stead we have left only the beautiful and character-building opposition between two kinds of good. Curiously enough, as this change becomes apparent in our spiritual attitude, an analogous change has taken place in the artist's color scheme. Since he began some years ago to make it his principal business to paint light, he has wholly eschewed the use of black as a pigment, and has painted all shadows with purple, which is the union of red and blue, telling us truly that "there is no black in nature."

In order to get the benefit ethically and scientifically of the artist's creed, we must, as has just been said, assume the whole and force everything to face towards it. For

the artist the ensemble is both the beginning and the end of his work, and he knows that it is at his peril that he loses sight of it on the way. We, on the other hand, tend to make wholes of ourselves and our material interests, and are slow to view ourselves as but parts in relation to the greatest Whole of all. But if we would at the outset assume the whole, and try to estimate all life in relation to that, simply as a matter of practical wisdom, the world would move towards perfection much faster than it does now. Yet to assume the whole when we do not quite know what it is made up of is a difficult matter.

As was said in an earlier chapter, the artist has two methods of serving the whole. He may think of it as the ensemble or as the values. He may have some rounded and complete conception, some epic composition which prescribes the place and tone of every object on the canvas, as was the way of the great masters — or he may let himself be inspired by the spirit of the whole, that is, by his strong instinctive sense of relative values, and may, as is the practice nowadays, record endless different groups of these values without attempting composition on a larger scale. The justification for this modern proceeding is

that it would be impossible to execute large compositions with that absolute verity of lighting and tone which the modern mind demands. It is of course to be said that the old masters suggested a beauty beyond the merely actual, because they were not in thrall to the actual; but however this may be, we of to-day paint the temper of to-day, and cannot well do otherwise. There is much to be gained in painting just by working in the spirit of right relation, which inculcates teachableness, a reverent observation of nature, and obedience to her laws.

Now if ethically we take a leaf from the modern artist's book, and feel, like him, that any absolute conception of wholeness is beyond our powers (such hesitation indicating often a deeper reverence), we can, like him, fall back on the values, the spirit of right relation, which, because it is the spirit of that unseen but deeply trusted whole, can guide us into completeness of life. The whole becomes to us then the Idea that underlies all right relations and causes their rightness, and holding it thus as an ideal but indispensable concept, we can turn our attention to the study of the relations themselves, and see how by means of these all things exist. The law

of relation seems to be the great fluid law (if such a term may be allowed) which produces life by its interaction with the law of definite form. It is motion acting upon matter to produce new matter, which in turn engenders fresh motion. It is much easier to study the definite forms in life than their relation to one another, but we may get the same advantage from the study of relation that the modern student of birds gets from watching them alive and on the wing instead of shot and dissected; we may learn something of life itself.

We tried to show in an earlier chapter that individuality (which word we use in the broadest sense to mean definite and recognizable quality wherever we find it) is due to some special adjustment of two opposing elements which we assume as the basis of all things, and which stand in a permanent and fundamental relation to each other. As symbols of these elements let us take the perpendicular and horizontal, which are two mutually dependent impressions owing their individual existence wholly to their mutual relation, since the perpendicular is such only by virtue of its relation to the horizontal, and *vice versa*. Accepting this fundamental relation — simply expressed by the cross — we have, as

a result of it, the basis for an exact definition of every slant, and thus relativity becomes the ground of reality and assurance. Individuality, therefore, which we may liken to a slanting line and which seems a fixed and definite thing, is after all a matter of relation, but of relation to something which is fundamental and therefore eternal and unchangeable, though in itself made up of opposing tendencies.

Applying this to the human individual, we may argue that there is in every one, because of this relation to the eternal, a basis of ideas, or at least of fundamental truth, antecedent to those external impressions which are now thought to account (by means of the sub-conscious self) for all our experiences. The same truth is in us, and is to be expressed through us, that is expressed in all nature; but because we are a higher expression of the whole, we are able to refine upon, and give meaning to, the truth suggested by the existences below us. Doubtless the shapes of things are put into our minds by means of impressions from without, but because we have the *meaning* of these shapes set deep within us we can often explain them to themselves. This is our experience with the perpendicular and the horizontal. Cliffs

by the sea, trees growing on a plain, etc., all suggest the right angle by their relation to that from which they rise, yet the rigid perpendicular and horizontal forming the right angle are seldom found in nature, unless in some inconspicuous crystals. How is it then that man, who does not see the exact perpendicular and horizontal in nature, has made these lines the basis of all his structures, and feels uncomfortable when any building does not conform to them, unless the ideal perpendicular and horizontal are deep within him so that he grasps the underlying essence of the lines of tree and plain, and expresses it simply, or with complexity, in his own structures? It is probably true that it is his naked, instinctive sense of perpendicular and horizontal — his own uprightness on the level earth — that gives him the standard whereby he derives pleasure from the variations upon it, such as the graceful divergences of the trunks of palm or pine, or the waving of a field of grain when the wind sweeps over it.[1]

[1] It seems possible also, since the sense of perpendicular and horizontal are so fundamental, that seasickness may be caused by the temporary confusing of this sense. As soon as one is able to accommodate himself to the motion of the ship so that he can keep his own perpendicular in spite of the ship's variations, he becomes well.

We may take the cross then as the symbol of life, of that perfect relation between the two fundamental elements which constitutes absolute being. Every human individual, therefore, must be such by virtue of some divergence from this type, and consequently of some definite relation to it, and the influence of the cross upon him must be to reconform his personality to the original type. Under all the endless modifications of race, family, environment, and a thousand other causes, this must be broadly true. Letting the cross then symbolize for us that relation of the primal elements by which each is absolutely itself and yet capable of becoming the other (as the perpendicular changes to the horizontal when we turn the cross a quarter way round), we see that we hold our individuality by virtue of our relation to the cross. The cross represents also our "way of salvation," to use a well-worn theological phrase, because the perfect type is ever wooing us to cast off the too individual excrescences of our development and conform ourselves to its likeness.

Now if the individuality of each human being and also that of cities and nations is due to some fresh relation of opposing elements, why may not the same be true

of all individuality, even that of a dog, a flower, or a leaf? Can we not believe that out of the interaction of the two elements has been evolved every fixed type that the earth knows, whether of races of men, animals, plants, or crystals, and that within the limits of these types the same two elements have differentiated each species into the diversities of countless individuals? There can be no limit to the working of a fundamental law. Is not the conception of two original elements perfectly united in the whole, and yet capable of separation and recombination on so many planes and in so many forms of adjustment that no human brain can conceive the infinite complexity of it all, — is not this conception sufficient to account for all the phases of evolution, both in the production of new types and the modification of these types through fresh combinations?

Now where shall we find these elements in their most primal and fundamental characters? Shall we hunt for them among the microscopic cells of matter, or in the world of spirit? Doubtless they can be found in either, but if our whole argument from art with its creative experience be worth anything, it is the central thought

and meaning of any whole that gives it life, rather than any form, however subtle and wonderful, in which that thought may be embodied. The relation of the cells of matter to each other must be more important than the cells themselves, and this relation can never be studied by the microscope but must be accepted as a living principle before its working can be understood. The question of spirit and matter is simply the question of centre and circumference. The whole is equally present in both. The external wholeness of things, that is, the material world with all its forms, is the phase that from long familiarity we have the most assured confidence in, but the artist reinforces our faith in the interior and unseen phase by asserting that wholeness is really the central truth of things, and circumference a matter of secondary importance. It is interesting to note how different minds are inclined temperamentally to one or the other of these two phases of wholeness. M. Edouard Rod has pointed out that the English and Russian novelists present their characters by a process of development, one event following another until a certain unity is evolved through a sequence of details, whereas the French begin with the unity, the vivid personal

whole, and show us through some dramatic incident the inmost nature of the man as it is revealed under the stress of passion. Many persons will think that the English and Russian is the most complete method. "You have not given us the whole life," they will say, "unless you have told us the man's birth and ancestry, and the circumstances that made him what he was." The French genius, however, conceives of wholeness in the sense in which it is used in this book, namely, as that inner verity of things which causes circumstances quite as much as it results from them. The French painter Rousseau writes in a letter to a pupil, "Let us understand the word 'finish.' What finishes a picture is not the quantity of details. It is the truth of the ensemble. A picture is limited not by the frame alone. Whatever the subject, there is a principal object to which the eyes are constantly to be borne. The other objects are only the complement of this and interest us less. Beyond that there is nothing more for the eye. These then are the true limits of a picture. If your picture, on the contrary, contains a precise detail, equal from end to end of the canvas, it will be regarded with indifference; all interesting the spec-

tator equally, nothing will interest him. You will never have finished." In this brief quotation is summed up the whole philosophy that we are trying to set forth. Only the central truth, the meaning, is of real import in life, and when we strive for a perfection, or "finish" as the artist calls it, which has no relation to that, we are only weakening the effect of our picture.

Thus the interior aspect of wholeness is its most vital aspect, though its exterior presentation is more familiar to us. Both are equally characteristic of it, one cannot exist without the other, but for us in our present condition at least, it is most needful to dwell on the side of interior meaning, the side that binds all the parts together because of their relation to the greatest Whole of all. Material things, being their own evidence, may be trusted to take care of themselves. The meaning of life must be sought often through blood and tears.

This deeper truth of man's wholeness is much called in question to-day. Our morality, as well as our science, tends to become empirical, and the secular spirit threatens to take the place of the religious ideal. The only thing that can save us, and restore the dreams of the world's

youth to it as substantial verities, is some principle that shall unite the exterior and the interior, the material and the spiritual, in one luminous conception. The law of the whole offers us precisely such a principle, because it combines in itself the natures of the exterior and of the interior worlds; and by drawing our attention to relation as greater than fixed fact or existence, it loosens our thought from the solid forms of the material world and fixes it on the expressive connection between these forms as the true reality. Moreover, because of that interchangeableness of its elements to which we have referred (every part being also a whole, and every whole conceivably a part of something greater) it has a quality of motion, a suggestion of counter-currents, that gives it great vitality and elasticity as an implement of thought.

Since it is the fundamental principle of relation that the largest conceivable Whole must prescribe the attitude of all its component parts, there seems to be no stopping-place in our application of the law of the whole in the regions above man. We can take the earth, the solar system, or even the universe, as our largest conceivable Whole and see it evolving, by means of

its dual elements, into a complete expression of itself. But if the life process is to go on, every whole once evolved to its perfection as that particular whole must continue to live by entering into yet higher combinations; so we can never think of any whole as final; we can only say that the law of relation and its sanctions must come down to us from the largest conceivable Whole, whatever that may be, and leave the matter there.

Yet there is one other way of looking at it. The law of the whole involves always two elements: the whole is related to the part, as truly as the part is related to the whole; neither is independent of the other. This of course is ideally true. The desideratum is to bring about a living recognition between them. Such recognition must of necessity begin from the side of the whole, because the part would have no capacity to recognize the whole except as the whole imparted to it something of itself. A wave of recognition must therefore be started from the whole towards the part. Now it is conceivable that if we could ever attain to the point of view of the whole, all our ideas of magnitude might be reversed, and we might see the parts in their manifold ignorance

and painful confusion, as making so profound an appeal that the recognition of the whole would instinctively flow down to the very magnitude of the need as to something greater than itself. Power would thus be converted into pity and love, and the part and the whole would change places. This must be that infinite self-forgetting to which we referred in a previous chapter. We get suggestions of it even from our own lives, for while ideally we make all sacrifices in the direction of, and for the sake of, an ideal of duty which is greater than ourselves, yet practically we make them towards those who are weaker, more needy, and more suffering than we are; we give ourselves to our children and our dependents, to all that for which we feel responsible because it seems to be included in our own life.

If this be so, the condition is fulfilled of a larger relation for the whole to enter into as essential to its continued life. Yet it would be a relation included within itself. Instead then of stretching our minds beyond the universe to an inconceivable unknown as a necessary postulate for the immortal life of man, we may find that the universe itself has a final limit at the point where the accumulation of love and

compassion starts that down-streaming current which is needed to vitalize all the uprising current of human endeavor.[1]

If then the principle of wholeness, manifested as the law of relation, works endlessly both above and below us, and reaches from the top to the bottom of the universe, it frees our thought from bondage to matter as to anything final, and in its own nature fundamental. Matter exists, form exists; there could be no recognizable expression without them. Existence is thus half the truth of the whole, but the other half, and the one we need most now to have practically set forth, is the greatness of relation as binding all forms of existence

[1] Sir William Crookes is reported as saying in an address delivered in 1888: "If we may hazard any conjecture as to the source of energy embodied in a chemical atom, we may, I think, premise that the heat radiations propagated outward through the ether from the ponderable matter of the universe, by some process of nature not yet known to us, are transformed at the confines of the universe into the primary — the essential motions of chemical atoms, which, the instant they are formed, gravitate inwards, and thus restore to the universe the energy which otherwise would be lost to it through radiant heat. If this conception be well founded, Sir William Thompson's startling prediction of the final decrepitude of the universe through the dissipation of its energy falls to the ground."

into a rational and beautiful order. We may think of existence as the individual principle or truth of fact; as that identity which each form carries within itself and which is manifested in all the upward growing and outward blossoming movement of the material world. Then we may think of relation as the universal principle or truth of love, which presses down on us all from the whole and interacts with the individual principle to bring about a condition of harmony and perfection.

As we thus think, however, we must remember that we are drawing the form of our thoughts from the external world which estimates greatness by bulk. Hence we see the individual principle, or what science calls the law of development, working from centre to circumference, from the less to the greater, towards expansion, as from the small seed to the mighty tree, and the universal principle working from the circumference inward towards the centre to repress, restrain, and dominate. It is precisely because of this our instinctive way of conceiving things, that the pressure of relation as it meets us in the discipline of life appears to us at first as something to be resisted because tending to curtail our freedom. We may get relief from this dread,

even intellectually, by means of the truth taught by art, namely: that the universal principle, although the greater, is really the most *central* truth, and works from within outward towards the highest development, while the individual principle, although appearing to expand things, really tends to contract and to limit, except as it is held in check by the universal. The experience of this truth is of course purely a spiritual or inner experience in which the central wholeness of man yields to the wholeness of God, yet as we have said, some intelligent understanding of the need for it may be gained from the line of thought here set forth.

Leaving aside, however, the question of circumference and centre, we may say that the principle of wholeness has two manifestations, which turn into each other according to our point of view. It is a living Spirit and seems to breathe as we see it contracting and expanding; shaping the elements into wholes and then modifying them by their relation to larger wholes; and thus moving life ever onward towards higher forms in which the previous ones are included and yet made more free.

It is worth noting, as we sum up what has been said, that in all this reasoning the

whole is our only postulate, and this does not seem a great concession, although in a certain sense it is taking everything for granted. Because as the basis of every whole open to our investigation we find an idea, we conclude that a living whole is an idea conscious of itself. As we find every idea to be made up of contrasting elements, we conclude that contrasting elements are essential to the nature of the whole, that they are always present and that there is a mutual relation between them. This relation then becomes an object of study as the living Spirit of the whole, and forms a duality with the whole in its capacity of singleness as conceived at first, so that the Whole is both one and two, both whole and parts, both existence and relation, both rest and motion, both matter and spirit.

Out of this beginning all the rest can be spun, and the fact that the spirit of wholeness works in two directions and compacts as well as relates, may explain the appearance of definite forms during the process of evolution, which if we thought of life as only an outward blossoming impulse we should be at a loss to account for. To explain the facts we need the idea of a counter current, a force that draws in while another

expands, a refreshing and renewing stream that assures the continuance of life even though all the forms in which life is now manifested should change and sublimate. Our argument has shown us that such a current must exist. It is the great stream of relation, less obvious to our senses than existence or matter, but equally real, and for us now more important to recognize. We know it as Love, and no scheme of philosophy, no theory of matter even, can be complete which leaves this element out of account. Love and truth, relation and existence, mutually producing, mutually modifying, mutually vitalizing one another; these alone are sufficient to frame a universe, and tune its myriad voices to one hymn of joy.

When we say that love, which is the highest manifestation of the sense of relation, must have been present in man from the beginning as an essential factor in his development, we must guard our definition of the word love. Love, when we think of it merely as a primitive passion, is greedy and selfish, so instead of supplying the factor that we need in studying the process of evolution, it seems rather to reinforce the disintegrating tendencies of individualism. For this reason the term

relation serves our purpose better, because it signifies the most binding and unifying influence that we know of, quite apart from any human embodiment of it in either man or woman. Relation expresses itself doubtless through the human passion of sex, but has a much deeper and larger meaning as the law of the whole, finding its highest manifestation as self-surrender, while at the same time it is just as genuinely present in the cohesion of physical atoms.

The argument of this book has been quite wasted if we have not made it clear that this relation of which we speak is a very different thing from that "relativity" which is a commonplace in Greek as well as in modern philosophy, or at least that it is a very different way of interpreting the same phenomena.

"The doctrine of relativity," to quote Canon Aubrey Moore, "is made the basis, both in ancient and modern times, of two opposite conclusions: Either it is argued that as all sense knowledge is relative, and as sense is the only organ of knowledge, therefore real knowledge is impossible; or else the relativity of sense knowledge leads men to draw a sharp contrast between sense and reason, and to turn away from the outward in order to listen to the inward voice.

The one alternative is scepticism, the other idealism."

Thus there has always been a dilemma, and opinion has been divided between scepticism and belief, materialism and idealism, pessimism and optimism, according as men's natures have identified them with one alternative or the other. The advance of science has forced thinkers to recognize a unity as underlying all phenomena, but as they have felt that this unity stands aloof from, if it be not antagonistic to, human happiness, the modern mind has become pessimistic. Feeling no sympathetic relation between themselves and the Whole, men have widened the breach yet more and got themselves seriously out of relation by following their unbridled instincts.

Suppose, however, instead of dwelling on the opposition, the parts, which taken by themselves are but confused fragments, we look at the world and at human life from the side of the Whole, which is its probable inner meaning. One may say that this is what the church has been trying to do all along. True, but she has never yet succeeded in explaining the scientific and inevitable connection between the whole and the parts, and her conception of God has

even been capable of producing such a stanza as

> "Our lives through various scenes are drawn
> And vexed with trifling cares,
> While Thine eternal thought moves on
> Thine undisturbed affairs."

If God's own advocate among men has had such an imperfect understanding of his nature as this would indicate, there is surely an opportunity for art to bring forward her experience to show that relation is the living law of the whole, and that therefore the interests of God and man must, in the last analysis, be identical.

As relation works in two directions, first compacting elements into units, and then modifying them by their relation to larger units, it is the secret both of matter and of motion, of the fixed and the changing, as well as of the relation between these two. Both painting and music are founded on this latter phase of relation; both derive their charm from the mutual adjustment of unity and sequence. In fact, the distinction between painting and music lies in their differing adjustments of these two elements, so that they furnish excellent illustrations of the principle of interchangeableness. In painting, the picture itself supplies the element of unity and the beholder that of

sequence or motion, as his eye roams over one part of the picture after another and enjoys the manner in which they are all related to the whole. In music, the listener supplies the element of unity and the music that of sequence or motion, as the melody unfolds itself, faints, hovers, returns, and plays every imaginable caprice, confident that the ear of the listener will hold to the connection of its parts, and will assent with satisfaction to its final chords. In both the meaning is expressed by diversity in relation to unity, although, as we contrast them with each other, painting seems more akin to rest, and music to motion.

When we get hold of this conception we find that instead of suffering from a hopeless confusion of shifting elements such as the doctrine of relativity implies, we rejoice in movement and interplay as a sign that we are dealing with that which has life and, through its eternal capacity for change, an eternal power to renew and refresh itself. From Heraclitus there has been a long line which, to quote Canon Moore again, "through Plato, and Dionysius the Areopagite, and John the Scot in the ninth century, and Meister Eckhart in the thirteenth, and Jacob Boehme in the sixteenth,

reaches down to Hegel." These have seen the necessary connection between opposites and have therefore asserted their identity in mystical fashion. But identity is not a satisfactory term. It sounds so far from reasonable that the mystics have incurred contempt. We shall come nearer the truth, and at the same time be more lucid if, assuming that a relation of opposites is the basis of every whole, we see in relation itself the highest, most spiritual form of truth, the living Spirit of both the whole and the parts, the fixed and the changing, the material and the spiritual. This may seem like identifying opposites again, but it identifies them only by spiritualizing them and lifting them to a higher plane, since relation as the Spirit of the whole is always greater than any of its material embodiments.

Interchangeableness is a better word than identity, but it is only in dealing with spiritual verities that we appreciate its true meaning. Mr. Spencer notes the interchangeableness of the dual elements and sums it up as follows: "See then our predicament. We can think of matter only in terms of mind. We can think of mind only in terms of matter. When we have pushed our explorations of the first to the uttermost limit we are referred to the second for a final

answer: and when we have got the final answer of the second we are referred back to the first for an explanation of it. We find the value of $x$ in terms of $y$: then we find the value of $y$ in terms of $x$, and so on. We may continue forever without coming nearer to a solution." So he is tossed like a shuttlecock from one possible whole to another and finds no rest. Yet what if the *flight* of the shuttlecock be the very unity he is in search of, and the opposite elements be present and active only to keep it from falling to the ground? For mind and matter let us substitute the higher duality of love and truth, and we shall not fear when we say that we can think of truth only in terms of love, and love only in terms of truth, for we know, through the deepest experiences of our lives, that except as there is this most intimate connection between them they have no reality. Pure love means an approach in which untruth shrivels like a dry leaf in the flame. Truth loveless has no vital quality. We can keep the two distinct in our thinking, yet the mystery of their union, the interplay of their subtle forces, is what lifts us continually out of the shifting and material into the calm assurance of an eternal reality.

It is hard to write about love in a dissecting and scientific spirit, because the instant its pinions stir the air about us we long to throw down the scalpel and grasp the lyre. Yet if we can make clear the infinitely complex system of relations that binds the universe together, reaching from centre to circumference in one omnipresent scheme of life, and can show that love, whether we think of it as the pure glow round the hearthstone, the rosy ardor of young lovers, the white flame of self-devotion, or the seraph's song, is in each of these degrees but relation become conscious of itself and of the central fire, we can better appreciate the ideal grandeur of love and understand why its least touch thrills us with nameless rapture and visions that reach the stars.

> "Freude heiszt die starke Feder
> In der ewigen Natur,
> Freude, Freude, treibt die Räder
> In der grossen Welten Uhr.
> Blumen lockt sie aus den Keimen
> Sonnen aus dem Firmament,
> Sphären rollt sie in den Räumen
> Die des Sehers Rohr nicht kennt,"

is perhaps no poetical hyperbole, but the statement of a scientific truth.

Looking at the whole as both the fixed

and the changing, and at life as made out of the relation between the two, we get a better understanding of the struggle, as old as civilization, between the Greek and Hebrew ideals. These two types are found everywhere and often rise in mortal combat in the inner life of the same individual, the world of beauty fighting with the world of duty, and finding no final peace until each has learned the other's lesson. Neither alone holds the living truth. That is woven of the relation between the two. When beauty learns that she can never be immortal except as she is rightly related to the higher wholes of moral and spiritual life, and when duty learns that in her naked insistence on the moral and spiritual as the only real she has outstripped God himself, they may come at last to find in their mutual relation the secret of a perfect life.

And the same is true of the great conceptions of Deity that we characterize, broadly speaking, as eastern and western thought, though each has its undiscovered disciples in every New England hamlet. Some souls naturally adopt the personal conception of God that belongs to the West, while others are more attracted by the idea of the immanence of God that characterizes the thought of the East. Nei-

ther contains the whole truth, both have their limitations. Western thought tends to represent God as a sledge-hammer, eastern thought vaporizes Him: or, to carry the figure farther, we may say that western thought fixes on the piston-rod as the efficient force in the engine of life, while eastern thought dwells on the steam. We can see that it takes both to turn the driving-wheels. Both are essential, and in proportion as we relate them to each other we gain a living conception of God. In fact, the mere opening of the mind to admit an opposite view from the one we are naturally identified with seems in itself to reveal to us much of the divine nature. But in adopting the views of our eastern brethren, as is so much the fashion to-day, we must remember that their doctrine needs as much help from ours as theirs gives to us, and therefore, instead of abandoning our past and embracing their ideas as a new and complete revelation, we must stand firm for the truth that is ours by birth and inheritance, at the same time that we open our ears to their message. The whole will be found by means of a fruitful interchange of ideas.

Except as we feel the immanence of God, nature is dead to us, and we live in

an alien world. Except as we feel the personality of God, both man and nature are orphaned, and expediency becomes the only rule of conduct. But we may have all the good and escape all the evil that is threatened by either view when taken by itself, if we see the living God as the union of his two attributes, as constituting, pervading, and renewing nature and the physical life of man, its highest form; and at the same time as linking all beings together through the interior principle of relation so that his ear is open even to a sparrow's fall.

We must have the personal idea of God. The thought of immanence, though in a certain sense a larger conception, differs from the thought of personality as steam heat differs from the fire that a maid kindles with pine cones in one's bedroom in the frosty dusk of a winter morning when one is just awake. The latter has charm, it is done for us and for us alone, and it draws out an inner warmth of feeling that can never be produced by the impartial radiator. Yet the radiator too has its advantages. If we think of God as personally occupied with us and with our concerns, we inevitably, since our idea of personality is limited by our experience as human be-

ings, imagine Him as, for that moment at least, less occupied with other matters; so the personal conception when taken by itself limits our idea of Deity. If, however, we see personality as one phase of the whole, of which immanence is an equally important and coexistent phase, then we may turn to either as shall best serve our need at any particular moment. We may think of God as a loving Father who has brought us into being and who holds our highest possible development as part of his own life, or we may think of his living Spirit as around us in all nature, imparting joy to us by our every recognition of its varying forms, and touching hands with us as we dabble our fingers in a mountain brook, or part the leafy branches in wandering through a forest. The conception of all personality as dependent on relation, and of the personality of God as the sum of all conceivable relations, makes such an attitude towards Him both possible and reasonable.

# VI. RECOGNITION

"Then shall I know even as also I am known." — St. Paul, *1 Corinthians* xiii. 12.

"That which most strongly dominates these young intellects is the instinct of the relation between things, and the deep root that the real has in the invisible, in other words the sentiment of solidarity between men, the need of being associated in that universal human vibration which is the latent electricity of the moral world." — Vicomte Eugène Melchoir de Vogué, "The Neo-Christian Movement in France," *Harper's Magazine*, January 18, 1892.

"Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet.
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."
Alfred, Lord Tennyson, *The Higher Pantheism.*

# VI. RECOGNITION

WE have endeavored in the preceding chapter to made it clear that two great elements are everywhere present, and that in their mutual adjustment lies all the "promise and potency of life." When we bring this principle down to the concrete, however, and try to make a practical application of it to our daily affairs, it is less easy to show that every problem is made up of a pair of elements. Most persons will insist that the elements are numerous, and that any reduction of them to a pair is artificial and arbitrary. In a human character for instance, all sorts of unexpected traits turn up, queer contradictions and aptitudes that we refer to some remote progenitor because we can find no justification of them near at hand, and it seems impossible to reduce all these to a pair of elements. In a picture likewise, the complex harmonies of line and color threaten to defy reduction. Yet we have seen that under the endless variations of which the November landscape for instance is capable, there can always be traced a broad division of its colors into purplish grays on the one hand and reddish browns

on the other, and that there is power and advantage in so dividing them. We are safe in saying also that the nobility and beauty of any artistic composition is greatly enhanced when the relation of its main masses is simply and clearly expressed. Look at the Nicholson portraits and see, despite their exaggeration, what character is given by suppressing all surface detail and reducing the picture to a simple contrast between two elements; the few light tones being so closely allied that they count really as but one tone in opposition to the strong masses of black. The teacher of a life-class feels that he has accomplished much when he has persuaded his pupils to simplify all the half tones of the subject into one broad mass of light in clear contrast to the mass of shadow. Every artistic photographer finds that he gains much by blotting out unnecessary lights, and so simplifying a composition. Such elimination gives, even to a photograph, a distinction that recalls the work of the old masters rather than the painting of to-day which occupies itself largely with the accidental. A composition should never be bald, but intricacy and complexity cease to be beautiful as soon as we lose our sense of their relation to the main contrast. In a character too it is just

here that we draw the line between charming mutability and senseless caprice.

We feel in everything the need of a definite basis from which all variations proceed and to which they may be referred, and we may be very sure that this basis has a dual nature since it is alike capable of producing variations and of holding them in check. The fact that in every sub-department the duality again manifests itself and leads to fresh variations tends to draw our thoughts farther and farther from the main issue. Yet if the duality itself, or "relation" as we have been calling it, is more essential than any of its manifestations, it is of the greatest importance that our attention should be called back to it.

It is not difficult to show that two elements are essential to an idea, and that they are present in the simplest sentence. In a complicated sentence this is less apparent, but if we strip the sentence of its qualifying words and dependent clauses, we can always reduce its main bearing to a pair of elements that mutually affect each other.

All graceful motion implies a balance between two opposing tendencies. The skater who flings his body in a sidewise slant as he takes a long curving stroke, carries within him a sense of the opposite

and counterbalancing slant, which he instinctively brings into play at just the instant when the first slant threatens a loss of equilibrium. He really holds both motions as one, whereas the inexperienced skater, being occupied wholly with one motion at a time, cannot quickly supplement it with the other and falls over on the first sidewise stroke.

The vine and the spiral so much used in decoration are simple illustrations of the interaction of two elements as the basis of beautiful form. The ascending line is thrown from right to left, and then from left to right by the opposing forces, and on this simple foundation (which in harsher and more primitive decoration appears as the zigzag) are built all the lovely vines such as we see in mosaic in the apse of St. Mark's, in carved marble in the choir of the Cathedral of Siena, on the columns by the doors to the Baptistery at Pisa (where the duality is carried farther by setting the vines back to back), in the iron-work of the railing of the Loggia at Siena, and in other materials in numberless other places. When one has once grasped this idea it is surprising how hard it is to escape from seeing the manifestations of it. The same form turned first to right and then to left

seems to have a rhythmical movement in it like the fall of human footsteps, and this is the real charm of the vine in decoration, however much it may be disguised by leaf, flower, or tendril.

If then we conclude that unity is always the product of two elements, we can see that if a third element be present it is in some sense as the source or the resultant of the other two. This is illustrated in politics. There are always two great parties. If others appear, they are in some sense subordinate. It is true also in religion, for while the splitting up of the Christian world into sects is a matter both for laughter and tears, there is yet a broad division which enables us to classify these sects as those, on the one hand, in whom the individual principle or right of private judgment predominates, and on the other those who tend to rest in authority or the universal principle. Within the Protestant camp we find again the same opposing tendencies, Unitarians as contrasted with Episcopalians; and similar divisions exist among Catholics.

In this omnipresent duality we have a powerful argument from the nature of things which will be of service in many directions. Intellectually it will help us greatly, for if,

in attacking any problem, we are convinced that, no matter how complicated it may look, there are really two main elements on whose mutual relation the matter hinges, we can set ourselves to find these elements at the beginning and hold fast to them through all our investigation. Morally it will help us by bringing into clearer light the two main elements of our own lives, namely, our individual integrity and our relation with the universal. We need to have our individual integrity and the high sanctions of it assured to us, so that we may stand up sturdily for our own point of view, and may realize the eternal worth of all our honest witnessing to truth and beauty, whether we utter it in poem, statue, or lullaby, whether our instrument be the microscope, the harp, or the locomotive. Then, yet more, since the tendency of this same integrity of ours is to fence us off, we need a constant reminder of our duty to recognize the other element in life — the one with which we are not by nature most identified. As individuals we stand chiefly for one element or the other, since there is a preponderance of one over the other in our natural make-up, although both elements are inevitably present in us. As individuals, then, we need to recognize

the claims of other individuals whose ideas differ from our own. Such recognition is the basis of all social life which may be likened to the graceful curves with which the vine sways from one side to the other. Then collectively we need to recognize our relation to God, which relation is the highest form in which the duality appears, and may be likened to the impulse which draws the vine upward in a steady ascent that is never lost sight of in any of its lateral curves, but tends rather to strengthen those curves and keep them even. Then there is yet one other recognition needed by us, namely, that of the opposing and often suppressed element in ourselves. By such recognition we develop our full and true individuality, which may be likened to the blossoms and graceful tendrils that adorn the vine's growth.

Each of these three recognitions in a way involves the rest. Our collective recognition of God is really the same as our recognition of the rights and claims of our fellow-creatures; while our personal, interior recognition of Him is the same as the recognition of the other element in ourselves. God, as the whole, is involved in all our recognitions, and lies at the basis of them all. We recognize Him as benefi-

cent law and order through our highest social conception of our relation to our fellow-men, and of their relations to each other, and we recognize Him as an inward personal impulse when we allow Him, at the cost of some suffering to ourselves, to bring into harmonious action both the elements that go to make up the individuality that He has given us. All this is proof of our former statement that but two elements are really present, — the individual and the universal, man and God, — but according as we look at the problem we see God identifying himself first with one element and then with the other so as to establish a relation or motion between them. It is a good deal as — to revert to our mechanical simile — the steam enters first one end of a locomotive cylinder and then the other, the result being the driving of the piston. Of course God really moves in both ways simultaneously; but as we lack that fourth dimension of thought which would enable us to see two opposite actions as *one*, we have to be satisfied with considering half the problem at a time. We should always remember that our personal, interior recognition of God must never blind our eyes to his social and collective aspects, and *vice versa*, since

He is both centre and circumference and the relation between the two. Mystics and cloistered ascetics have limited their recognition of God to the interior phase: the secular spirit of latter-day civilization limits its recognition of Him to the social and collective phase.

It would seem, if our analogy from art be worth anything, that all relations are ideally fixed for every child that comes into the world, and that all he has to do is to discover them. This conception strikes us at first as somewhat hard and limiting; as if our freedom were only apparent, only the result of our ignorance of conditions, so that the more completely we get into right relation the less freedom we shall have. To be "fixed in an eternal state" is a ghastly prospect, and such would be our destiny if the analogy from a picture were a complete one. But again the dual nature of wholeness comes to our relief. There is the flowing, musical side also. The element of fixedness is only half the truth. The whole consists both of the fixed and the varying. Both are essential to beauty, and in comparing painting with music we have seen that the two elements may be interchangeably either in the percipient or in the work itself, and that our

joy in both comes from the relation between the two elements. In like manner our joy in life must come through a relation between the whole and the parts, but endless variety is assured to us by the fact that we ourselves may act interchangeably in either of these capacities. We may be sometimes wholes or heads, which gather up and give meaning to many parts, as when we direct some large enterprise; or we may become parts of some greater whole and rest from heavy responsibility by obediently doing a bit of simple service with our hands. Thus the number of relations or combinations open to us is practically infinite.

It is doubtless true that as we perfect our relations on any plane of life a certain fixedness or, to speak more accurately, a certain wholeness results. We are thankful that it is so, and that some departments of our activity become so thoroughly understood by us that they no longer demand attention. It is our constant experience that we grow unconscious of things as we master them. They become to us the certainty of the one rather than the confusion of the many. Processes, such as walking, dressing, spelling, the learning of which was once a business in itself and

for the time took all our interest and attention, become at last automatic, and leave us free to act without consciousness of them, although they contribute an enlarged basis for all our future activity. It is in a similar sense alone that our personality tends to become fixed. It takes on unity or wholeness by virtue of right relation, only that as a whole it may be capable of entering into yet higher relations. Such wholeness as this we deeply long for as we mourn our failures to speak and act aright, for we are conscious that we seldom speak and act as well as our whole self would dictate if it were always fully in evidence. Weary with the struggle, we long not only to speak the truth, but to *be* the truth and to have such interior wholeness that right words and deeds shall flow from us spontaneously like the song of a bird.

If we do not make relations for ourselves, but simply recognize the possibilities in this direction that already exist for us, a large part of our duty and happiness in life must lie in recognition, using the word to mean always an inward acceptance of, and identification of oneself with, the object recognized. Recognition may of course be merely intellectual and external,

as when we acknowledge that a thing is there and yet stand quite apart from it. This is our attitude towards external things in general, and the very impersonality of it enables us to classify and estimate them impartially, so that in its place it has great value. It is the proper attitude of science. But life-giving recognition is of a deeper sort. It takes place in that "darkness more bright than noonday" of the inner life, and is most central and personal. We greatly need this gospel of inner recognition today, because the world is over-intent on seeing with its eyes and hearing with its ears and exploring with its fingers even the wound-prints of the Lord before it will believe. Not so shall it find the Whole.

Perfect recognition is perfect love, but the word recognition serves us better here, because, being a matter of the will, it is quite within our control, whereas love sometimes fails us, because of the hardness of our hearts, just when we most need its guidance. Love's "unerring light" is often a joyous accompaniment of our recognitions, but we can be, and are often called to be, true to some relation in which love as an emotion seems to have no part.

Of course it is easy for us to recognize those persons whom we like, or are like,

which is perhaps somewhat the same thing. Even a marked diversity between two people, provided there be some fundamental point of contact, often enables them to supplement each other, and is thus a source of attraction. Recognition in these cases takes care of itself; but the great recognition, that which takes in every human being, no matter how degraded, as equally with ourselves an integrant part of that great Whole by virtue of which he and we alone exist, this is the task for us. The light of such a recognition already lightens the world's darkness in many places where the spirit of brotherhood and true philanthropy is seeking to redeem the lost; but curiously enough many a woman who devotes much of her time to benevolent work for the outcast and degraded will find it quite impossible to be on friendly terms with her neighbor who is in a different social set, or to bow to her grocer when she meets him in the street. Here, as in a picture, the subtle, difficult points of adjustment lie on the edges, at the joining of the masses. We can help the very poor and degraded with a long arm because they are clearly differentiated from us, but when the persons to be recognized are placed so nearly like us that they

may have the impertinence to think themselves as good as, or even better than we, all sorts of difficulties arise to hinder our mutual recognition.

If we examine a picture by Titian, or by any great artist who like him loved broad simple masses and clear distinctions of light and shade, we shall find that planes of light, such as are formed by a woman's neck or forehead, are painted for the most part flat and without modeling; while all the delicate shading whereby one plane is made to turn into the next, with a swelling curve at one point and a receding sweep at another, is to be found on the narrow edge where the planes come into contact. Here infinite labor has been expended, but not of a kind to strike the eye, until one studies the matter carefully to discover by what magic these planes, so sharply contrasted in themselves, have been united to form a rounded and beautiful whole. Surely then we are not wasting time and effort when we use all our tact and sympathy to find out just how, at one point by concession and at another by rightful dominance, we can unite the various classes of society into a spherical whole. But we must do this in the spirit of personal sacrifice. Our many theories on the subject will have small result

until we take to our hearts one obvious lesson of the law of the whole, namely, that all differences exist as a ground for union and not for separation. It is what we can contribute, and not what we can fence off, that should occupy our thoughts.

When some burning question of religion, politics, or sociology arrays people on different sides, how hard it is for us to realize that the whole, the final truth, must of necessity include our opponent's point of view as well as our own! Doubtless the final right will be more with one than the other, but it will in some way include both sides, so that neither can afford to ignore or despise the other. If we always realized this, we should maintain the true personal relation at all costs, as the only living basis; and we should regard another's point of view as an essential contribution to that whole of truth, that wise conclusion, which we are endeavoring to reach. Our differences would be kept in the intellectual realm where they belong, and our happy personal relations would go on undisturbed, made more beautiful even, by our recognition of the other person's point of view.

There is much rebellion now against the personal element in authority, as is shown

by the increasing unwillingness on the part of young women of character and ability to enter domestic service. Yet it is through our personality that we hold our only real influence. Except as we use it in our relations to others, we affect them no more than a statue does; in fact, we probably affect them less, for the statue carries with it always the appeal of the artist who made it, thousands of years ago perhaps, for recognition of his thought of beauty, and this appeal is very pathetic and engaging. The Spirit of the whole gives us no right to domineer over others, but it lays on us the sacred responsibility of using our personality to guide and direct those who are set under us in the organization of society. We are ganglia, as it were, whose business it is to communicate the central control to sub-departments. It is therefore not only inevitable, but much to be desired, that the power as we transmit it should be shaped by our personal quality; since personality or wholeness is the compacting force, the source of all expression and beauty. Its deepest law, as we have seen, is that the larger manifestations of it must beneficently control the lesser ones, and all social theories which leave this necessity out of account are fallacious.

The compensating truth is found in recognition. All assertions of personal authority are tolerable only when accompanied by the fullest recognition of relations both above and below the person who seeks to control the actions of others. He who would rule wisely must recognize the personal claims of his subjects and must also see himself as the subject of a higher power.

It is by a better understanding both of personality and recognition, and by a right adjustment of their relations to one another that we shall find the panacea for our social ills. Personality is developed by recognition, and rightly demands recognition for itself; yet, as we have just said, there is an increasing unwillingness to recognize its authority. Is not this because we have not yet had an adequate idea of what true personality is? We have limited our thought of it to its human and most faulty embodiments, instead of seeing in it the living Spirit of the whole, never to be completely understood except in view of that whole, and yet imparting to man what little authority and influence he wields, and manifesting itself also in some degree wherever there is anything that can be called an organization of related parts. If we looked at it in this large way we should

escape many difficulties that beset our merely human version of the personal idea. A child in the public schools will have great reverence for the power which constrains him, and the rest of the tumultuous crew, into some orderly fashion of going down the stairs and leaving the building after school is over, when he might rebel vigorously against the orders of some special teacher. Here it is personality that constrains him; not the perhaps capricious personality of a single individual, but a personality consisting of a unity of the related customs that have been established for school management by the associated wisdom and experience of many. It is the same with an army. The unseen personality of the discipline of the whole is so real a thing, and allegiance to it is so genuine an enthusiasm, that even a blundering order given by one of its most imperfect representatives, as at Balaclava, becomes transfigured into a trumpet-call for a host of martyrs.

We might take a hint from these facts and learn that the more we can give to our personal authority the great qualities of the World-personality the more willingly will people yield obedience to it. We may think at first that the way to achieve this

is to put on a show of grandeur and of power to compel, but experience is showing us every day that such self-assertion tends to rouse the enmity of those we are set to govern, and to increase their discontent. No, the true way to identify ourselves with the World-personality and claim its sanction, the inner way, the way of the Spirit, is to look upward with awe, to make ourselves of no reputation, to see ourselves but as servants; and because we hold our personality as dependent on the greatest Whole of all for its very existence, to assume all positions of responsibility with humility and in the fear of God. It is only against an arbitrary use of personal power that people rebel. The right use of it is an essential factor in all civilization and progress, and when we exercise our authority quietly and with true sympathy, the many who have no ability to direct the great affairs of state, or even to guide themselves aright, will rest gladly on our larger wisdom.

If we can by our bearing make it apparent to every one with whom we come in contact, as they render us even the humblest service, that it is a pleasure for us to speak to them simply because both they and we are human, it will do much

to arrest social revolution. No more beautiful tribute was ever paid to man than Lowell's lines on Agassiz: —

> "No beggar ever felt him condescend,
> No prince presume: for still himself he bare
> At manhood's simple level, and where'er
> He met a stranger, there he left a friend."

Recognition of the personality of our dependents in no way impairs our authority over them, but on the contrary it fills them with a spirit of helpfulness because by it we let them see that the service they do for us has, through us, a bearing on higher issues than either they or we are capable of controlling by ourselves. A maid may rebel against thorough dusting as a matter of daily routine, or she may think that insistence on punctuality is quite needless. If, however, she can be made to see that her employers are under authority as well as she, and that their lives of strenuous service are seriously hindered by dusty tools and unpunctual meals, then her personality will rise to meet the demands of theirs, while her daily labor gains an outlook that does much to relieve its tedium.

No one knows until he has tried it what joy and refreshment flow into life when channels are opened by recognition in every direction. Life does not inhere in us and

love does not. They are both mutual things and come into being when the right conditions are afforded. The great problem for us all is to get out of this hard shell of selfhood into which we were born, and whose outlets ignorance and prejudice so often clog. Our best strokes for freedom lie in infinite recognition of human beings, above, around, beneath us, of the birds and animals, of the trees and flowers, and of each new day, for even that has its personal quality. And we need not fear that such broad recognition will get us into unfortunate social complications, for while all relations are included in the whole, and have therefore some connection with each other, yet the closeness of this connection varies infinitely. We should open our minds to all possibilities of relation and be ready to recognize all individualities no matter how different from our own, for only in this way can we truly acknowledge the whole; but while by such recognition we shall find an immensely greater number of sympathetic relations than we had expected, we shall also find that there are some persons with whom our contact can be but the slightest. Such differences in sympathy, being founded in the nature of things, may be trusted to take care of them-

selves. If any person's society is embarrassing to us, ours is probably equally so to him. It is no kindness to an ignorant or ill-bred person to invite him to a dinner-party. Distinctions must and will forever exist; there could be no expressive life without them. Our business is only to see that we do not make unnecessary distinctions of our own, but pass through life with quiet, friendly recognition on every hand, and trust the shaping power that lies behind all the life of humanity to guide us, as it surely will, into the most perfect social adjustments.

It is wonderful how our sense of spiritual substance grows as we yield ourselves to the opposite right, no matter in whom it may be embodied. We do it blindly at first, stepping off into the unseen, but quickly we feel the solid ground beneath our feet, and we have an assurance of reality that could never be ours in our isolated position. Instead of guarding our outposts and defending our individuality from all comers, we find ourselves upheld by the recognition, consideration, love, and thought of other people, so that we are at once sustained and set free as never before.

Marriage is the profoundest of all recognitions possible to man save that between

the soul and God. In it we find the two who make the one in their highest visible embodiment. In marriage also the spiritual and material are mysteriously blended, and the more spiritually the relation is conceived the clearer it becomes that two, and only two, can properly be concerned in it. Through the rightful union of a pair is wrought out the complete expression of marriage, the idea of the family. In this father, mother, and children all have their adjusted relations. The parents form the main contrast, and the blending of their opposite but profoundly related qualities appears in the individualities of the different children, and all unite to form the most beautiful whole on earth, and the most God-like, because in it man and woman have equal parts.

Our personality, as was shown in a previous chapter, is born of the relation between ourselves and our environment, but in the development of this personality we do not always act on the basis of our complete individuality. We are made up of two elements, roughly speaking, and as one of them preponderates over the other, we are disposed to act chiefly from that side of our nature and hence to develop that at the expense of the other side. Of

course our strong natural bias indicates the line of our best achievement, yet since a whole must always be made out of opposites, our natural talents and excellences will stand out much more brilliantly if we pay due attention to the opposite and contrasting qualities. The artist knows that if he would paint luminous red or yellow he must begin with greens and violet grays; not making these chief, but giving them a considerable place on his canvas in order that they may enhance the effect of the brighter colors. The less evenly balanced a person's original make-up may be, the more essential it is that he should put his main effort into recognizing and bringing out his sub-quality; just because the main quality can take care of itself, whereas the sub-quality stands in danger of being suppressed or overgrown. Recognition of one's sub-quality requires faith, and costs struggle, but it pays in the end. If we are strong on the side of truth and weak on the side of love, we gain enormously by entering into all sorts of helpful relations with others, and by giving away, even with a wrench, our most valued possessions. Hard-fisted, penurious money-getters have been transformed into great public benefactors by this determined re-

cognition of a side of themselves that was not at first in evidence, but was really a part of them or they could not have been made to perceive its value. Character is woven between the two elements of a man's nature as they act and react on each other, and the man himself may stand between them and even fling the shuttle as spectator and helper of the process. A person who thus tries to see himself whole and give his entire being a chance, is in no danger of furnishing relays of selves to be experimented on by the hypnotist.

It may be objected that to think about oneself and to plan for one's own development so deliberately is morbid, and that we should avoid such introspection. But since it is the will and not the intellect that is chiefly concerned in the recognition we speak of, we escape this danger. Because the habitual recognition of our weaker side involves a constant letting go and renunciation of our instinctive preferences, it must surely tend to soften and enlarge our natures.

We are all conscious of a set of possibilities within us that if encouraged might make us quite different from what we instinctively are, and the extent to which we should recognize these possibilities is a

serious question for every thoughtful person. One may find oneself capable of doing effective work by narrowing one's effort and concentrating in the direction indicated by one's predominating taste, but a suspicion creeps in, that because some departments of life are being neglected, work done on a basis narrower than that of which the person is capable will partake of that narrowness and be less valuable in quality, though perhaps more abundant in quantity, than if the other side of life were recognized.

Ethically the contest is usually between the individual need for development and the sympathetic qualities, and much bitter struggle ensues. Many a girl to-day is tempted to think that her desire for development is a snare, because it seems to make her heartless towards her relatives. She may abandon her art or her music and try to forget it, but because it is an integrant part of her it will not let itself be forgotten; and the effort to suppress it will get her whole being out of order and wreak itself in future pain as all suppressed life does. She may take the other tack, stifle her heart and work on alone. Later the heart will take vengeance and cripple her hand. The only safe course is to recog-

nize both elements of one's being; see life whole; and while accepting infinite postponement, if necessary, in the carrying out of individual desires, still to believe in and hold fast to those desires as part of the soul. They constitute a divine guidance, never to be selfishly followed, it is true, but also never to be lost sight of, never regarded as a mistake or cruelty, a gift meant only to bring torture to its possessor.

In the adjustment of the two elements of life lies some of its most searching discipline. The proportions prescribed for us by the whole may be very different from those of our first imaginings; but when we accept them, we find, like the artist, a true pleasure in limitation. We learn, like him, the value of backgrounds. The beginner in art sees chiefly the foreground objects. He is attracted by their graces of form and splendors of color, and longs to handle these enchanting materials for their own sake. He makes riotous use of them at first, and by degrees alone does he learn that their living beauty can be set forth only by a wise restraint, and by giving due attention to the quiet lines and sober background tints from which they detach themselves. When we know just how much of our life is rightly ours to

carry out our own ideas in, our conscience being set free by habitual recognition of the claims of others, then in that little space, be it only an hour a day, we can work wonders. What we do within these limits will have a fineness that we could not attain in any other way, and a convincing rightness, because, as in the case of the white dress alluded to in an earlier chapter, we shall not be using tints that belong to other parts of the picture.

The effort to see life whole may at first produce perplexing characters. Until the opposing qualities in any person find their right mutual adjustment he is likely to act sometimes from one side of his nature and sometimes from the other and so lay himself open to the charge of inconsistency. But if his aim be right there will be a large unity underlying his contradictions, and his faith in that unity will finally bring him out on to a firm and consistent basis. His main quality will still be controlling, but it will be inspired, vitalized, regulated, and set in right relation to life by his sub-quality. His touch on men and things may at first be uncertain, lacking in tact and firmness, but if the inner relation be fully recognized it will at last refine him down to his finger tips. In short we shall see a

person where before there was only an individual, because recognizing the other element in oneself always tends to bring one into truer and more useful relation to one's fellows, both being included in our complete relation to God.

The cross, that is, the two elements or currents of being crossing and apparently at war with each other, is thus the condition of every human life. We live at the point of intersection, and are free to throw our influence in the direction of either current as we please. If our deeds are partial, following one current overmuch, the other current avenges itself and circumstances oblige us to take back those deeds or do them over, and by this inevitable wash and counterwash of tendencies the interests of humanity in general are served. Yet the problem lies deeper than this. It is to secure not only wise action, but also *more life in those who act.* If the two currents can be harmonized before the deed, that is, in our spirits, we gain infinitely, not only in wisdom but in health.

It is evident that the whole must have a guidance for us as we face the confusing possibilities that life offers, because the final cause of everything is to be found only in the largest whole of which it forms

a part. The problem is to find this guidance. We meet the universal at every moment of our life. It confronts us in every phase of the world of men and things. We cannot breathe without entering into some relation with it; but if we would have guidance in our choices to help us find the right and developing relations among the many possible wrong and dwarfing ones, then we must think of the whole as something more than vague and immanent, it must become to us definite and personal. So long as we conceive it only as vague and immanent, our morality as well as our science becomes empirical, we choose what we please and take the consequences. But we long for something much better than this, we sigh for some constraint towards the best, some encouragement to be faithful, some promise that though we see only the rough ends on our side of the tapestry of life, yet a beautiful pattern is being woven on the other side, whose wide and lovely meaning will some day make us rejoice that we were counted worthy to carry even one of its dullest threads. Such encouragement can come to us only through a direct relation with the greatest Whole of all.

As a child advances in life he enters

progressively into larger and larger relations. At first he is only related to his family; later he becomes perhaps a member of a school which moulds his mind and character, while he in return influences the school in some small degree. The time of tutelage past, he begins to recognize the claims of still larger wholes, such as the city in which he dwells or the country that claims him as her son. These larger wholes may break up his home life by their stern demands. War, or some need for patriotic service may lead him to give up, or wholly subordinate, the things that are naturally most dear to him; yet despite this giving up he is conscious that his only real tenure of the things ceded lies in his faithfulness to the highest duty that he knows of. He deserves them only by yielding them. He feels instinctively that the ideal wholeness of his life must be preserved even at the cost of some of its dearest embodiments. He must preserve the right relation of things to each other, even if he apparently lose the things themselves.

"Though love repine, and reason chafe,
There comes a voice without reply, —
'T is man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die."

He who obeys this inner voice is surely living the life of the Spirit, though he may never call it by that name.

Thus every whole controls the lesser wholes or parts within it. This is the universal law, and therefore nothing can have permanent existence, no relation can be safe from disruption, except such as are established in right relation to the greatest Whole of all. No human being can, from the nature of things, see this whole for himself; yet equally from the nature of things no deed can be rightly done except in view of this whole. This is scientifically as well as religiously true, and in these to all appearance contradictory conditions lies man's eternal need for faith. If he could attain his relation to the great whole only by a gradual succession of steps, as in this life he mounts the rungs of the political ladder, or in the practice of his profession attains one eminence after another, it would seem a hopeless task for him ever to come into right relation with that greatest Whole of all that we know as God. The distance would seem too great to be surmounted. But just because that greatest Whole is an ideal whole; because wholeness is its very essence, it underlies all other wholes, its Spirit permeates

the entire fabric of things and has its seat in man's most inward part. He need not travel one step to find it. Its home is in his breast, he has only to recognize it and its guidance becomes his forevermore.

In spirit man can truly identify himself with the whole. His attitude towards it should be one of passionate receptivity, and this is quite possible though it may sound like a contradiction in terms to those whose only idea of passion is that of greedy appropriation or ruthless self-utterance. Acceptance would at first seem to paralyze energy, but it is entirely possible to make acceptance merely the channel through which a higher energy may flow. Man's first conscious recognition of the whole opens for him channels to the infinite and his life rearranges itself on a new basis. Perhaps if he has lived in great error, all the masses of his picture will have to be reconstructed; or perhaps if he has been doing his best to lead a moral and helpful life without this higher recognition, the result of introducing a more brilliant note of light than his picture was originally keyed to will be, not to rearrange the former values, but only to make them look exceedingly dingy.

The great point is that this recognition,

like all other recognitions that are worth anything, must be a personal recognition involving not only the intellect but the will. We cannot say this too many times. Nothing less central than this can avail us, for as we have seen, the law of the whole works through the centres of things rather than through their circumferences. It is this intimate personal demand that lends such a mystical quality to our relations with the greatest Whole. Its Spirit storms the inmost citadel of a man's being, and before that will yield the whole selfhood of the man will rise to do battle. There is a hard spot in the centre of each of us that needs to be exorcised, a knot that must be untied before the Spirit of the whole, which is the Spirit of life, can find there its rightful lodgment and flow outward in moral and physical harmony.

The perceptions opened to us by our recognition of the whole will of course be much confused and obstructed at first by our mental limitations. Our wisdom will be far from perfect, but because it is of the right kind it must and will develop and clear itself of impurities until it leads us into all truth. We shall have eternity in which to find out how great the whole is, and an increasing perception of this will

doubtless reconstruct us a good many times; but such reconstruction, even though it mean physical death, cannot be painful in more than a momentary sense, because it will be in harmony with our deepest life and most fervent desire. Little as we are, we can yet here and now genuinely pledge ourselves to the whole, whatever it may prove to be, and so save our lives from that hopelessly narrow and provincial quality that must result from their being anchored in anything of lesser scope. Until we do this we are "off centre" spiritually, and our motion cannot be steady and harmonious.

What evidence have we that the Whole stands in an attitude of personal recognition towards us?

Practically the personal means to us the responsive, the recognizing. A personal relation between us and another human being implies that our differing individualities suit each other, and seem to be the complements of each other in some special way. Many persons attract us at only one point, others affect us sympathetically all round. It may be because of likeness, it may be because of difference; we may be either the chief giver or the chief receiver in the interchange; just what the relation is does not matter, the point is that in some way

we suit and help and please each other. Moreover, it may be noted that the closest and most personal relations, like that of marriage, are the most exclusive. The personality that we accept in this deep way must be one attuned to us in so special a manner that we brook no rival in our relations with it and cannot conceive of its being equally adapted to any other individuality than ours.

The two elements of the whole might be supposed to stand forever in a perfect balance if it were not that the individual element from its essential nature tends to set the universal in motion, and by destroying its equilibrium to rouse it to expression. When we think of God as the universal alone, He is not a person to us and stands in no relation of love or help towards us; but when we admit the individual element as in the nature of things coexistent with the universal, and think of that individual element as reaching out and thereby breaking up the balance and motionless calm of the universal, we touch at once a personal possibility. If the greatest Whole of all, infinite, beyond our power of thought, is also so far individual that it has reached forth to express itself by creating even the smallest thing (the wing of

a fly would be enough), then by that act its equilibrium is destroyed and that element of mutual dependence is introduced which thrills our humanity with a feeling of common need. The whole is no longer complete without that tiny part which it has projected from itself, and thus a relation of dependence is established between the two, and a perfectly definite relation that is no less than personal. Because that little wing has taken away just so much from all the rest, all the rest feels the loss and is different because of it, while at the same time the little wing is helpless unless it can find some reason for its existence through its relation to the great whole from which it has emerged but of which it still ideally forms a part.

Each of us is a point of consciousness projected from the whole, and no two persons occupy the same point. The universe is made up to every man's consciousness of himself and all the rest. All the rest means our environment of material things and behind all, beyond all, God, somewhat vaguely realized. Man used to conceive of God as enthroned somewhere outside of his world, because the ordinary notion of a person, derived from the external form of man, limits him to one place at a time.

But if with the help of our more intelligent modern imagination we think of God as himself the Whole, made up of us and of all the rest, then we can see that we and all the rest stand in a relation to Him as the centre which is most vital and compelling, and from which we cannot escape; a relation binding us and all the rest together in a perfect unity which would be impossible without both us and all the rest. Moreover, since no two of us occupy the same point of consciousness, all the rest must mean a slightly different thing to each one of us. Therefore the relation between us and all the rest being special, individual, and not to be duplicated, fulfills perfectly the definition of a personal relation.

Of course our appreciation of this and the comfort we get out of it will depend on our recognition of all the rest. This recognition will be personal, joyful, and love-revealing in proportion as we conceive of all the rest from the side of the Whole, which is God. We are apt to conceive it from the side of the details. We study the details first and then try in vain to construct a whole from them. The right way is to assume the whole and then try to see all details in the light of it. The artist will tell us that the latter is the only

constructive method, the only way in which a work of art can possibly be created. It is hard for us to escape being controlled by details, because our daily life is a continuous dealing with them; but we know that in confronting any practical problem the most important thing for us is to learn which the details are, so that we can subordinate them and handle them fearlessly. There is always some major contrast which will control all other elements and bring them into harmony if we can but find it; but we sometimes spend a whole lifetime in discovering what this major contrast is, so great is the power of details to divert attention to themselves. We tend to begin our portraits by painting the eyelashes rather than the main masses of head and figure. The controlling relations can be discovered by us in any problem, but only by looking at it from a distance, and with a certain aloofness and withdrawal of personal prejudice.

It may be suggested in passing that the mutual relation of the whole and the parts explains something of the puzzling coexistence of the equal truths of freedom and determinism. Anything in the world is capable of being made a pivot or centre around which other things shall revolve.

So far man is free. Unimportant details may be exalted into pivots by human recognition. This is continually done, as when a man unduly magnifies his own importance through self-esteem, or devotes himself to pleasure or private business to the exclusion of larger interests, or — and this is the worst of all — when having committed a wrong act he identifies himself with it by refusing to admit that it was a mistake, and thus makes of his mistake a centre of power around which he revolves. Insanity lies that way. A continual constraint is brought to bear upon us from the greatest Whole to make the largest relations of all the controlling ones, because these alone are permanent. Accepting these relations, man has, like the artist, infinite freedom within limitations — the limitations themselves being but the essential conditions of his personality — and thus his freedom and the higher law are brought into harmony. Until he accepts his limitations he is free to revolve around as many minor pivots as he pleases, such as appetite, fashion, money-getting, popularity, or even narrowly-conceived reform, but with the result that by so doing he brings disorder into his own life and the lives of others. Such perverse eddies and

whirlpools quickly subside, however, when a man heartily trusts himself to the main current.

The complete personal recognition by which man becomes consciously united to God must be a separate experience for each human soul, but proofs are not wanting that God's anticipatory recognition of us is one of the most potent factors in the development of life. We see an analogous influence at work upon the brute creation through their relation to man, who is their god. While at first certain colorings and habits may have been advantageous to birds and animals by concealing and thus protecting their bodies from destruction by man, yet as soon as we reach the higher grades of animal life, such qualities as intelligence and responsiveness, which draw the creatures towards man instead of concealing them from him, are the ones which make the strongest appeal; and man's recognition of these qualities and of all the possibilities that they imply in the way of companionship and service, as in the dog, the cat, and the horse, becomes one of the chief factors in the higher development of these creatures. There is doubtless a point in the experience of every domesticated animal when after some struggle he exchanges

his natural distrust of man for a confidence in and adoration of him, when, in short, he is tamed. After this point is passed his master can do anything with him. Even so, as man's eyes are lifted to the highest recognition of which he is capable, a power from above meets him in that recognition and develops his higher faculties with unexpected speed. Even before he learns to look above, the divine recognition with its thrilling demand meets him at every turn and calls to him from everything with which he comes in contact, though he persistently misunderstands and turns away from it.

Much of the activity of human life lies in the joyous self-expression of man through things that he creates for use or beauty. Those made for use imply a clear recognition of others and their needs, and every expression in verse or picture is really an appeal for sympathy. It can be shown that a certain incompleteness which characterizes the most charming art is but a plea for the supplementing of itself by the beholder. Now if every whole that man creates, every expression of his personality, is implicitly an appeal for recognition, may we not believe that the great Whole which has brought us into being stands in a per-

sonal relation to us; that is, not merely a structural relation, but one which makes a supreme appeal to each one of us for recognition of itself? It sometimes seems as if the passion of this appeal from the central heart of fire were enough to constitute both the inner and outer worlds; maintaining the inner world of love by its mighty though invisible attraction of all things to itself, and the external world of truth by its demand that all men and things should be recognized of each other.

A certain sort of recognition of the whole is by no means rare in these days. Science and sociology both impress it upon us, and thereby much is gained. Modern ethical teaching has developed a morality that may almost be called enthusiastic, yet it lacks the final touch that shall kindle it to an undying flame. Even such a vision of the whole as man has drawn from these human sources has given him a strength beyond his own. It has helped many when their lives were bruised and broken to escape from their limitations and find themselves again in the freedom of some larger whole of public service or heroic enterprise; but such experience, despite its dignity and fortitude, falls short of that illuminating joy which is the birthright

of every child of God. Humanity, at its best, gives but a diffused, often a tardy and grudging recognition, to those who die for it. The burden of responsibility for our acts in their relation to a vague humanity is already more than we can bear, and threatens to grow heavier day by day as the world's life grows more complicated. We shall surely die of details unless our conflicting duties can be fused into some personal allegiance. Even Mr. Adler, the great apostle of ethical culture, appreciates this need, and says that with the passing of the belief in a personal God "men's lives have become flexible and dry because their ideals have gone." He proposes the state for our object of worship, saying, "Let politics take the place of religion. If we care nothing for kings let us devote ourselves to the State. In the State let us find the personal deity which is passing out of men's lives. Let the State be the object of our worship. Let us make it sacred, and when we have done so the State will have taken the place of the personification. Let the State be that personification." But is it possible for us to raise the state, which we ourselves make, and make very poorly, into an object of enthusiastic worship, to "make it sacred," as Mr. Adler recom-

mends? No, we are to-day hungering, thirsting, shriveling, in our need for an object of adoration which we have not made and never can make; our life is parched because we dare not trust ourselves to that returning wave, that current of divine love and recognition, which flows down to us from the highest to console, to strengthen and to renew. Whether he knows it or not, the supreme passion of man's soul is his passion for God. Until that is satisfied he wanders orphaned and forlorn.

Charles Reade says somewhere that "Heaven promises us a thousand affections but not one single passion," and this pallid conception, but a little less bloodless than the classic idea of a world of shades, is indeed all that we can raise our hopes to, until by casting ourselves upon the heart of God we learn that pure passion is the essence of immortal life. Such divine passion is not fitful and subject to bitter reaction like its poor counterfeit here, but is a steady white heat of sustained and glorious life of which some faithful souls have had a foretaste even in this present world, and have known that it was conditioned upon that of which death itself could not rob them.

We have much for which to thank

modern science in that it has brought the idea of the whole very close to us, even though in so doing it has threatened to deprive it of its personal quality. The tendency of that personal conception of God held by our fathers, which has sustained so many martyr spirits, was to postpone all idea of man's escape out of his pains and limitations into the freedom of the whole, to a future life. Mrs. Stowe, when a young woman, writes to a friend, "Well, my dear, there is a land where we shall not love and leave. Those skies shall never cease to shine, the waters of life we shall never be called on to leave. We have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come. In such thoughts as these I desire ever to rest." The twentieth century ought to be able to combine this ancient attitude of trust with the modern understanding of the whole as immanent; and realize that as the whole presses upon us through every physical atom at every moment of our lives, it is ever beseeching us for love and recognition of itself, so that as we trust it and offer ourselves up to it in return, it becomes part of our conscious life here and now. Thus we shall unite our physical and spiritual lives in one, and break through the hard wall of separation

between this world and the next. We shall "approximate our latter times by present apprehensions of them," as Sir Thomas Browne says, "and since there is something of us that will still live on, join both lives together, and live in one but for the other." Indeed it might be said that we shall live in one but *by* the other, for instead of looking forward to heaven as a long vacation reserved for the spent soul after a lifetime of overwork, we shall have an immediate and ever-present consciousness of it as of a spring of living water from which we may at all times draw supplies, a boundless ocean of love on which our weary spirits may float and rest, a cloudless sun by which we may at any moment correct the dead reckoning of our daily course.

Man must forever look upward with awe because the whole is so vast. Mr. Spencer is right in calling God the "Unknowable," because we can never intellectually comprehend or include that which is greater than ourselves. We would not have it otherwise. We need a supreme Idea that can expand indefinitely with our mental growth, so that we need never fear coming to an end of it. Its principles, its life may be in our hearts, itself we would never see. We could not rest in, and lose ourselves

in, anything that we know as we know this poor humanity of ours. But God's greatness is no bar to our inner relation with Him: the greater He is the more refreshment of contrast do we find when we turn from our choked and stifling lives to breathe the pure ether of the infinite spaces. The only essential point is that our kinship with God be proved beyond doubt or peradventure, so that we may turn to instead of from Him, and may feel free to love and to adore. Mr. Spencer is surely wrong when he says that "we lack the faculty of framing even the dimmest conception" of God's nature, for despite the contradictions that often threaten to hide God from us, nay, just *because of those contradictions*, we believe in Him. And this is no blind faith, for out of those contradictions the tissue of our own lives is woven; to combine them into some personal expression of our thought is the most delightful occupation that we know; so it is surely not too much to believe that through the personality which enables us to do this we are allied to that personal Whole in which all opposites are reconciled, and which is at once the Supreme Self and the Supreme Unself.

The existence of a current of love streaming down to us from the Most High, as the

living truth of the world of relation, cannot be a matter of intellectual demonstration simply because it is the inward truth of things and reverses many of our merely intellectual perceptions. It seeks to turn a man right side out, as the sunlight wooing the heart of a rosebud bids it fling wide its close-folded petals in order that from their centre may emerge the seed of its continued life. In such reversing we have another instance of that interchangeableness of centre and circumference to which we have several times referred. The first spiritual need of man is to look up and away from himself. Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness in order that the plague-stricken people might look away from their sufferings to it, and be healed. But, curiously enough, — so profoundly true is every phase of the symbolic drama of Israel's history — the object which Moses raised on high was a representation of the very instrument of the people's immediate torture. When they roused themselves enough to look up to it — to see their suffering as *outside* of themselves — the anguish passed from them and they became clean within. So it is with the human soul. At first to look within means an increase of self-consciousness and a turning

away from the source of light. Little is to be seen within but evil, for although the whole is the rightful Lord of man and has its proper seat within his breast, as yet it has not been recognized by him as such. When lifted up externally, as Moses lifted the serpent, the whole appears to man only as a reflection of his own torture and rouses in him only an aggravated sense of misery, until at last by his utterly trusting it, the miracle of transference is wrought, self is exorcised, and the Lord is enthroned within.

Man shrinks at first from the whole as a maiden shrinks from her lover, because its approach reveals a depth in himself that he had not suspected; but when it has been admitted into the inmost sanctuary of being, when the soul has accepted its largest relation as the controlling one, then circumference has changed to centre, and man lives consciously and joyously from within, for in his Holy of Holies there is no longer self but God.

A sense of the whole, personally conceived and trusted as all-wise, all-loving, and all-encompassing, will do wonders for us in many practical directions. A constant turning to it in spirit gives us the same refreshment and the same grasp of the true values and essential relations of

life that the artist gains by leaving his work and going out to get a "fresh eye" as he calls it. The whole has infinite power to free us from that awareness of ourselves which is the great hindrance to our success in every direction. It sometimes seems as if all we had to do was to get out of our own way in order to accomplish miracles of excellent work. It is of course hard to get out of our own way because we are the instruments through which the work must be done; but one shrewdly suspects that in the last analysis the achievement is not ours at all, and that all that practice does for us is to remove our self-consciousness in the doing of any act, so as to give the whole a free chance to perform it through us. Our mental processes bear witness to the fact that all we have to do is to put ourselves in the right attitude in order to receive and impart such truth as we are fitted to communicate. It is a common experience that when a person impartially admits all the elements of any problem, and with an earnest desire to know the solution of it, sleeps or goes about his business, the result is often worked out for him as completely as if his mind had been a "penny-in-the-slot" machine. At any rate it is safe to say that he forms a better judgment by

such means than if he fussed and worried over the subject. All the modern teaching of muscular relaxing has its reason in this principle of getting out of one's own way, but such teaching does not go deep enough to be of the most fundamental helpfulness. Relaxing at the very centre of our being is what we need, and in doing this our limbs and muscles are relaxed incidentally.

The extent to which self-consciousness may interfere with the best work is plainly illustrated by the fact that the subsidiary characters in novels, particularly those written by a strong thinker, like George Eliot for instance, are often truer to nature than those upon which the author has expended much time and effort. Intellectual concentration, except on the very highest truths, seems often to defeat its own ends. If we do a thing too hard — that is, out of proportion to the rest — we never do it successfully. A foot-ball team plays best when its members are primarily all-round athletes.

The sense of the whole is common sense, — the wisdom that would be ours if all elements were taken in. It is fair play; the right of others as well as our own. It is consolation; sharing the success of others even when we ourselves fail. It is enthu-

siasm; inspiring in the lover of his kind a steady vision of the unity he would inculcate, rather than of the fragmentariness against which he wages battle. It is loyalty, it is sobriety and self-restraint. It helps us to drop things where finished — they belong to the whole and not to us. It takes away impatience and anger because we have always so much to interest us, so much to love and rejoice in, that no single injury or disappointment can grieve us beyond measure.

Our relation to the whole seems mystical simply because it demands of us something beyond our ken. It is really the most natural of all relations, the only completely natural one, because the only one which takes in all possible elements. We pass through a good deal that to us seems unnatural in attaining to this relation, because in order to transcend our natural limitations we have to trust ourselves to the point of view of the whole as that point of view is shown to us by trial or disappointment, or possibly by some unexpected and seemingly monstrous demand on our powers. We feel unnatural when we try to act on these intimations, and not until our lives have been set over into the larger relation do we see that things really

could not have gone any other way. Such self-surrender is not cowardice. It is often the highest courage. No life, no character can be complete without it. Every part, whether man, woman, or nation even, must be willing, when the need arises, to give up and let itself be born again into the freedom of a larger truth. Our relation to God is the most controlling simply because it is the largest and includes all others. When this relation is once recognized, light is thrown on all minor relations. The old-fashioned practice of "meditation," the "concentration" now so much advocated by certain schools of religious teachers, amounts simply to this, namely: a deliberate recognition for perhaps fifteen minutes daily, of our largest relation as the supreme one. This recognition tends to bring all the elements of our lives into place and to harmonize them, as the high light in a picture prescribes all the lesser lights and arranges them in a unity of effect. This brings a great calmness to us, but it is no nirvana. All our interests and desires are still present, and ready to spring into full activity. They are simply held in leash and brought into their proper relative position. Our absorbing work, our joy, our sorrow, our grievance, our infirmity, all of

these are still with us, but no one of them is now overwhelming, because when compared with the whole the greatest of them is so infinitely trifling as to be of no real account.

We do not arm ourselves against disease by denying its existence. It is doubtless a real, though not a final, condition; but much justification for the exaggerated statement that there is no such thing as disease can be found in the fact that as illness temporarily beclouds our faculties and tends to depression of spirits, we need the strongest statement of which language is capable to enable us to throw it off by showing us how small and temporary even our worst suffering is when compared to that sunny wholeness of perfect life of which we are ideally a part. When we say that we have "got bronchitis" for instance, what we really mean is often that bronchitis has got us. Thus we take a negative attitude towards it, and by such attitude invite it to do its worst, making it a centre round which our thoughts revolve. If instead of this we relegate the trouble to its proper place, as a mere eddy in the stream of health, we can make light of it and do much to drive it out. To go further than this, and wilfully deny the ex-

istence of disease in the face of obvious facts, is often to fight it negatively and so give it encouragement. One sometimes sees portraits in which the artist, in his desire to concentrate everything on the figure, has slighted the background and painted it in coarse masses of meaningless color. The effect is precisely opposite to the one that was intended. The slighted background calls attention to itself by its lack of subtlety and detracts from the main figure.

Most of us believe in God, and we have enough conception of his divine wholeness to keep us from gross sin; but we fail of getting the daily wisdom that might be ours, because we do not take the right steps to secure it, just as completely as we fail to run an engine when we refuse to get up steam in the boiler. One case is as practical as the other. The divine Spirit which regulates life and makes it joyful will not force its way into us unless we give it a chance. Are we willing to take fifteen minutes out of the best part of our day, and, entering the temple of white light within us, hold at bay all our cares and fears, our pleasures and responsibilities, until they sink into quietness and leave us alone with God? Are we willing to stay

the current of individual activity which is bearing us along until we can admit the possibility of a different line of action? This is the true cross. It will avail us little if we do this at the odd moments, or the sleepy ones. It demands our best. When with energy and enthusiasm we are setting about our most delightful task, then is the moment to turn the full current of endeavor heavenward, to hold open the inner gate of the soul, and let in the flood of revealing light. We lose no time by it, though a prince were kept waiting, for when our thoughts and loves have been set in order by an assertion of the true proportions of things, all that we do will gain greatly in wisdom; our health will improve, and we shall be saved from false starts and the need for frequent apologies. Moreover, if we make this point in our lives every day, the influence of it will go with us and be something that we can quickly fly to as a refuge from the turmoil around us. Life seems to grow constantly more bustling and noisy. The electric cars whiz and clang. Endless committees, necessary business, and good works that cannot be gainsaid, hurry us from place to place, and all seems to go on at an increasing rate. We must have an inner

rhythm, larger and calmer than the outer, and abide in that, if we would have peace and save our nerves from shipwreck. Surely in this direction lies our best hope for fighting the fearful increase of insanity.

This "concentration" that we are advocating is really a vastation of self. While it is a concentration of the attention, it is at the same time a relaxing of the voluntary powers. It seems to reach, as nothing else does, that mysterious point where soul and body join. The effect of it can be felt physically in a pleasant tingling, as the tide of renewing force rushes in to refresh our strained nerves and recall them to a healthy balance. It is as if one standing on a beach and facing towards the forest in a painful effort to count every twig on every tree, were suddenly to turn round and fill his gaze with the vastness of the ocean, from its limitless horizon to the long, sliding, foam-edged curves at his feet, inhaling deep breaths of its ozone, and letting the breeze from its blue distance smooth the wrinkles from his forehead. And yet it is far more than this, for the ocean does not hold the secret of the forest twigs, whereas the whole contains for us the only true solution of all the puzzles we have been wearying our brains with

while we turned our backs to it. Opening our souls to the universal admits that current of right relation which is the secret of physical health as well as of mental soundness. It restores our bodily functions to harmonious activity and brings our consciousness back to that proper attitude towards men and things which we lose temporarily through prolonged and narrow individual exertion.

Such an exercise as this strikes us at first as unattractive. We feel that if our hearts are set towards the good in a general way that is enough. Yet we fail to get many blessings that we desire. We need something more practical, and we are discovering in these days that there is a realm within us in which the Spirit of the whole can make itself appreciably felt by a reversal of polarity if not by a molecular change. In order to effect this, however, adequate means must be used. No vague aspirations will suffice. The gate must be opened by us, and *held* open, or the life principle cannot flow in. It comes to us in full measure when we give it a fair chance, and it is on this truth that Mind Cure, Christian Science, and other occult methods of healing are founded, and because they conform to what may be called either a physi-

cal law of the spirit, or a spiritual law of matter, they often achieve excellent results. Their practice is really the most prevailing form of prayer, because it starts with an overwhelming realization of boundless power and love whose influx man invites by an attitude of confident receptivity; whereas much of our ordinary petition is little more than a rehearsal of personal needs and desires, and as such, a magnifying of self and a shutting out of the very help that we invoke. We are always inclined to pray that conditions may be altered, rather than to demand strength to meet them as they are.

A suggestion of the reason why it is possible to produce physical results by what may seem a purely spiritual exercise, may be found in the fact that the inflowing current of right relation is also the current of love, sympathy, and consideration for others. Now if it be true that wholeness is akin to personality, then the separate organs of the human body — wholes in themselves yet parts of the complete organism — have so far a personal quality as to make what may be called a personal or human method of dealing with them entirely reasonable. It is certainly true that as the current of right relation is directed to

some organ — a weak stomach, perhaps — a perceptible stimulation results. The organ seems to be encouraged to fresh activity by the recognition of its importance to the welfare of the whole. Such sympathetic turning of the life force to the point where it is most needed is a much more wholesome form of stimulation than that produced by drugs which whip the already over-tired organ into further activity. There is all the difference between the two methods that there is between the behavior of half a dozen noisy, healthy, romping brothers who stop in their play to hold out a hand of help to their delicate little sister, and perhaps carry her on their shoulders for a while, and that of a less affectionate family who leave their weak sister at home in tears, or force her by threats to fetch and carry for them. Of course an organ may, on the other hand, be lazy and selfish, unwilling to do its proper work without artificial stimulants. In such cases the current of right relation brings to bear upon it the tonic of a gentle compulsion.

When we are anchored in the whole, and live from that serene and gracious realm, we move swiftly and joyously to our appointed ends, conscious of life itself rather than of its warring phases. The cross is in

our hearts, but it means to us the blending rather than the opposition of its two elements. We are not overcome by either joy or sorrow, but through their alternation, as we move on swiftly to accomplish a will higher than our own, the heavenly vision is revealed to us, just as the distant landscape is continuously seen through the boards and gaps of a fence from a train in rapid motion.

It is hard to say which aspect of the whole is the greatest, that of unity or that of diversity, power or love, God or Christ. Each appeals to us in turn as we sometimes thrill with a sense of our own world-compelling power — which though limited is akin to the divine — or as on the other hand we tremble with a sense of our pitiful weakness and constant need of help. To our hearts, surely, God as one, great in power and majesty, is less appealing than God as the stricken, suffering friend, brother, and Saviour of men. Indeed, the more deeply we experience life the more divinely beautiful does this side of the whole, the humble, burden-bearing, patient side, appear to us, — the side of tenderness and care for little things, which like the tiny alpine flowerets on high grassy slopes stands in contrast to the glacial heights of inac-

cessible purity and majesty that tower above, counterbalancing our thought of power with that of love.

One caution we certainly need as these new thoughts of man's higher individuality are springing up in so many minds, and we find ourselves possessed of new powers and capacities. Because we have caught a glimpse of the whole, and in one sense, that is, in spirit, can identify ourselves with it, we must never forget that *in ourselves* we are but infinitesimal parts and must treat ourselves as such, never claiming absolute rightness or power of domination except when these are clearly laid upon us by the whole. The strongest minds have always had the clearest conceptions of wholeness, and this, while giving them great power, has often led them astray. The career of Napoleon is an instance in point. He saw the need for unification, but made his own glory the final unit to be served. The Catholic church has the same conception of unity, the same unwillingness to see itself as a part. Also while we can perceive intellectually that all things, both good and evil, must have their place and explanation in the whole, we need to remember that only from the point of view of the whole can the rela-

tion of one to the other be rightly and safely seen. If we insist in the name of science on having a thorough knowledge of all that is in the world, no matter how morbid and debasing, there is nothing to stay our quest, but as the result of it we shall handle only a corpse. No, if we would have life, life for ourselves, life for our country, life for our world, we must seek and develop and believe in only the good. This turning of the world towards the light God demands of our enlightened wills. The angels, who are no longer pulled downward by the earth, may look with quiet eyes on suffering, even on sin, because they know the outcome of it all; but for us in our human capacity, as those who are struggling out of, and trying to detach themselves from, the material, the only safety lies in turning from evil and choosing the good with all our strength at every moment of our lives.

Every artist knows that one of the greatest desiderata in painting is to keep the lights broad and simple, and not until he learns to do this does he find that the shadows are not nearly as dark as he at first supposed, and that the half-tones really belong to the light. Yet it is well for him to begin with a vigorous sense of the darkness of shadow. His experience offers

a curious parallel to the development of man's ethical ideas. At first he makes the lights very white and the shadows very black, just as in old-fashioned novels the heroine was a paragon of virtue and the villain perfidious to the last degree. After a while this treatment strikes him as inadequate; he feels a lack of relation between the two elements. He then begins to study the half-tones, the places where the dark and the light blend into one another. In doing this he is certain to carry too much of the dark into the light — to overmodel his work, as the technical term is — until it loses all the beauty and distinction that was given to it, even by the baldly stated contrasts of his earlier endeavor. He is apt to get discouraged at this point, but if he pushes on a little further, and resolves to keep the lights broad and simple *whether he sees them so or not*, just because light is good and beautiful in itself, he will at last find that the facts are really in accordance with his new resolve, and that he had been led to exaggerate the darkness of the half-tones through prolonged scrutiny of them. Much life and literature to-day are in just this case. They are suffering from an over-conscientious study of half-tones. But this is probably an inevi-

table stage in development. The beauty of the broad light — the faith of our youth — will at last reassert its claims, the shadows will fall back into their proper places, and we shall paint a picture made both luminous and true by a happy combination of faith and experience.

# VII. IMMORTAL LIFE

"So in man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types of a dim splendor ever on before,
In that eternal circle run by life:
For men begin to pass their nature's bound,
And find new hopes and cares which fast supplant
Their proper joys and griefs; and outgrow all
The narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
Before the unmeasured thirst for good: while peace
Rises within them ever more and more.
Such men are even now upon the earth,
Serene amid the half formed creatures round,
Who should be saved by them and joined with them."

ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus*.

# VII. IMMORTAL LIFE

IT seems as if the unseen world of relation, lying as close to us, though less obvious to our senses than the world of fact or visible existence, and connecting us with all life, past, present, and to come, might actually be that spiritual world of whose reality we would so gladly be assured.

If so we need not seek for it above the clouds or beyond the gates of death, for it is with us here and now, pervading every atom of the world about us as the inner verity of all material things. We are no strangers to it, for we have been relying upon its laws at every moment of our lives. Without them, there could be no love or friendship, no achievement, no existence even. All joy, every perception of beauty, the clinging touch of a baby's fingers, the perfume of flowers, a strain of music, dewy twilight glades, and the host of stars — all have power to thrill us because they stir some fibre of this great nerve system of the universe, which vibrates in us and them alike.

The closing of our eyes in death may blind us to material forms, which are the

outward embodiments of relation, but not to the essential truth of relation itself. The Idea which is the basis of every form, and of which we ourselves are each a phase, must become yet clearer to us when its clothing of matter is cast aside.

It seems almost needless to write of heaven and the immortal life in a separate chapter, because this whole book deals with the essential elements of them, and nothing can be affirmed of them in the hereafter that is not true of them now. If what we have said of the world of relation and of our part in the recognition of it, be true here, it is so simply because these are eternal verities. Hence there is no special preparation to be made for the life to come. It is simply the deepest secret of this present life. Love and truth are its essential elements now and always, and the largest relation is ever the most controlling.

When the soul recognizes in God the object of its supreme allegiance, in that recognition it even here becomes immortal, since nothing can ever overrule or destroy the largest relation of all. The loss of the body cannot harm the soul because the body is only one expression of its life, and when that life has worn out and exhausted its first expression, it can doubtless

go forth to shape itself again into some nobler and more lucid form.

The great cry of the human heart is for recognition — personal recognition — in the hereafter. It matters not so much from whom the recognition comes — God, Christ, our friends — all this is for the time subordinate to our great outcry for recognition of some sort, for, as our hearts' truest instincts tell us, without recognition there is no life. We must have some assurance of a returning wave of love, some promise that the unsatisfied longing of our hearts will meet a personal response.

Does not our study of relation assure this to us as the truth of truths? Recognition must be the very essence of the life to come, for even here to recognize, to give oneself, to be worn out in service, is to live. If all right relations are derived from and included in the largest Whole of all, then all the joys of human fellowship, all the closest ties of love that we have known, have been vital and glorious simply because they had their place in this transcendent scheme of immortal life. They must therefore progress to an ever-fuller completeness through the eternal years.

When a man keys his life by faith to its largest possible issues, it gives to him

even here a strange grandeur and outlook. Terrestrial proportions suffer change for him in view of it, human values readjust themselves, and though storm and disaster beat heavily about his footsteps, yet in his heart there is peace, and the "eternal sunshine settles on his head." Heaven is no longer to him a place or a hope for the hereafter, but rather a state of being, an ever-present realization of immortal life, an eternal here and now, so vivid, so transcendent, that he estimates all other things by their relation to it.

The truths of the inner world in a way contradict our perceptions of the external. As we study the outer world we meet only the manifestations of these inner truths, and these manifestations, time, space, etc., become the categories of our thinking. We assume that these categories are fundamental, for not until we come into our inner relation with the truths themselves can we see that Life, eternal, immortal, invisible, is the only reality, and that all categories are conditioned upon life, rather than life on them. We see that time is only the expression of that necessary sequence in the development and manifestation of all the possible relations of life which is inevitable to our condition as finite crea-

tures who can never grasp all parts of the whole simultaneously, time being really measured by life, and not life by time. The same is true of spiritual space which does not, like terrestrial space, contain relations, but like time exists because of them. Sympathy is nearness in the deepest sense, and may bind two spirits closely even when seas roll between, while others who walk side by side may be widely sundered. Again, place is not something antecedent to a man which he occupies, but the sum of his perfected relations to the whole defines his place and condition.

Such perceptions do not make this present world unreal to us, but enable us to deal with it victoriously by means of a deeper knowledge. We can so realize our beloved in the inner stillness that they make melody in our hearts even when a thousand miles away, and we can so withdraw in spirit from contact that is evil and uncongenial that it has no power over us. Again, our place no man can take from us, since it exists only because of us; and though all the powers of earth were set against it, all that is truly ours will find us in the end.

We sometimes get hints of the spherical wholeness of life that startle us with their

strange beauty, as the music from an æolian harp arrests us in wandering through a ruined castle, or a whiff of enchanting perfume ascends to us from the overgrown tangle of a deserted garden. These intimations come to us most frequently in days of pain and of change. So long as our life here seems complete and rounded in itself, and our sources of happiness fully assured to us, there is a certain smugness and superficiality about it all; but when great changes come, when one we love passes into the unseen, when removal of residence or change of pursuit sets its seal on one period of our life, then, in the midst of the sadness that must inevitably come to us, since all change has a savor of death, there comes also a vision of the life we are leaving in which we see it as a whole, and appreciate the relation of its parts to one another, as was impossible while we ourselves were acting out the drama. Our past deeds, prosaic as they seemed at the time, take on an ideal fitness and beauty as we look back on them. All petty details are sifted out, the bouquet, the pure quintessence only, remains. How graciously we walked down those elm-shaded streets! How fittingly our life blended with the life of our city! How happy the

choice by which at some decisive moment we stood firm when tempted to turn aside! How enchanting those rides over the hills among the sparkling frost-jewels or the golden store of autumn! Everything is touched with poetry as the vision of the whole resurrects the past and glorifies it for us.

And if the past were all, what keen pangs of regret would this lovely vision of its wholeness evoke! But if we know that the secret of its beauty and consistency lies in the relation of all its elements to our own personality, then, since that personality is to go on to ever clearer definition of itself, we can move forward with glad assurance that the lovely but fleeting vision is but an earnest of that which is to come when our completed personal wholeness shall reconstruct for us, according to its true proportions, all the accumulated material of our earthly career.

It is sometimes objected that as much of the picturesqueness of life comes from its errors, a heaven of righteous souls will be but a tame affair. Doubtless contrast will be always and everywhere an essential of beauty, and, if good and evil were the final contrast, this fear would be well founded. But if good is the positive and evil merely

the negative pole of being, then, when we are no longer exposed to the forces of disintegration, there will still remain to us in the great positive, constructive Whole, with its dual elements, the material for every conceivable variety of beautiful expression, as new situations give opportunity for more subtle adjustments of love and truth.

# CONCLUSION

"Nothing but the scientific method can in the long run enable us to reach that further point, outside both Christianity and paganism, at which the classical ideal of a temperate and joyous natural life shall be restored to the conscience educated by the Gospel. This, perchance, is the religion, still unborn or undeveloped, whereof Joachim of Flora dimly prophesied when he said that the kingdom of the Father was past, the kingdom of the Son was passing, and the kingdom of the Spirit was to be." — JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, *Renaissance in Italy*.

"In rivers cool send him to us;
In flames let him glow tremulous;
In air and oil, in sound and dew,
Resistless pass earth's framework through.

"So shall the holy fight be fought,
So come the rage of hell to nought,
And ever blooming round our feet
The ancient Paradise we greet.

"Earth rouses, breaks in bud and song
Full of the Spirit, all things long
To clasp with love the Saviour guest
And offer him the mother's breast.

"Our eyes they see the Saviour well,
Yet in them doth the Saviour dwell;
With flames his head is wreathed about
From which himself looks gracious out.

"To us a God, to himself a child,
He loves us all, self undefiled,
Becomes our drink, becomes our food,
His dearest thanks, to love the good."

NOVALIS.

# CONCLUSION

WE may now ask what light the doctrine of relation throws on our present philosophical and religious problems?

We find everywhere the empiricist and the idealist, the pluralist and the monist, the believer in the immanence and the believer in the transcendence of Deity. The fact that these two types of thinkers exist, and always have existed, might in itself persuade us that the final truth cannot lie with either type alone, but must in some way be attained through a mutual adjustment of their opposing points of view. This adjustment must not be a compromise, for that would mean an atrophying of one type or the other, perhaps of both, and hence a curtailing of life. It must rather be a mutual recognition, a vibration between the two, which, without impairing the integrity of either, shall resolve them both into a higher and more living truth.

Madame James Darmesteter, in writing of Renan, expresses this idea of the vital interaction of opposites with her usual felicity. She says: "In his rare affirmations he never forgot that things have al-

ways their unseen side, which may possibly contradict all that we should predicate from those surfaces within our range of vision. For the human eye — and the mind's eye also — is so constructed that it cannot see every face of an object at the same time. Renan, however, saw them so immediately one after the other, as in a series of rapidly dissolving views, that his vision of these things was never simple, but blended, as it were, from a set of contraries. No aspect of Truth engrossed him so entirely as to exclude an instinctive divination of its opposite. A sort of contranitency, — if we may use the word, — an elastic reaction against pressure, which became the main quality of his mind, assured him that the truth of one thing does not necessarily establish the falsehood of its apparent negation. The air through which we all see the world is in fact a sort of vivid prism, iridescent, opalescent, only habit has dulled our sense of it. But Renan kept in his mind's eye unimpaired that intellectual iridescence which illuminates the inner vision. The truth of his most considered assertions is qualified with subtle reservations, and the unity of his mind, exceptionally sincere and veracious, is made of a thousand diversities in fusion, as a

painter mixes his white from a medley of many colors."[1]

The empiricist sees the world of men and things expanding inch by inch, pushing its experimental life ever one step further into the outer darkness, enlarging its borders slowly but surely away from its original starting-point, corporate man relying ever more and more upon himself and his own deductions, and working towards an infinitely differentiated human republic. The man of intuitions holds up to us an omnipresent ideal, fragments of which lie at the basis of every existent form, and he assures us that this ideal must finally draw all differentiated forms up to itself in an expression of perfect and harmonious beauty.

Surely the living truth cannot dispense with either of these points of view. Man realizes himself only through the patient, steady advance and conquest of conditions that the empiricist points out to us. It is to be observed, however, that this realization of man by himself already means to him, not only the developing of the individual,

[1] One cannot suppose that Madame Darmesteter means that these concluding words are literally true of any but the Supreme Painter, whose pigment is light itself, but as the illustration of a principle the figure is very suggestive.

but yet more the recognition of man in his corporate capacity, in the growing sense that the common weal must take precedence of all private interests. What is this but an unavowed admission of the truth of the idealist, the law of relation, which is the voice of the whole — the inner, antecedent truth — making itself felt as a contradictory force to individualism at its furthest outposts, even though those who recognize the power of this inner truth decline to admit its priority and predominance? The empiricist mind of to-day considers the principle of unification and consolidation a discovery of its own, and proceeds to apply it in business matters, with results that often, for the time being, work injustice. It has certainly laid hold of a great principle, and one that gives it tremendous power, but it needs the idealist's perception of the high derivation of this principle to remind it that even the strongest combination for merely material ends is forever at the mercy of the greater and higher wholeness of the Spirit.

We can see also that pluralism and monism are both essential attitudes of the human mind, neither side being able to hold the whole truth, "lest any man should glory," but each point of view stand-

ing always in debt to its opposite for that counterbalancing and vitalizing touch which transforms a dead conception into a living truth.

The pluralist feels the drama and conflict of life. He says, "If God were one He could make a better world than this. The world being what it is, I am forced to believe that there is another power which limits and balances God, and produces this constant struggle." He sees man tossed between conflicting forces, and is inclined to be indignant with the monist, who, with large, reassuring, but perhaps somewhat vague views, seems ready to swallow him up without realizing how much of a difficulty he is disposing of. The only gospel that the pluralist offers to suffering man is the advice to be brave, and thereby add one more to the chances of a majority of good over evil. Every man can, if he will, contribute his mite towards this tipping of the scale.

The trouble with this advice is that the suffering soul lacks precisely the courage that the situation demands, and it is just because of his lack of it that he suffers. When he steps out of himself to throw his weight on the side of righteousness and hope, he is already almost out of his diffi-

culty; and in taking this step, whether he perceives it or not, he is really acting on the creed of the monist, and trusting himself to that higher unity which holds the resolution of all his perplexities. Pluralist though he be, the sense of unity is deep within him, or the conflict could not cause him pain. It is because the opposing forces jar upon his sense of unity, and give no promise of final adjustment, that he suffers from them. Yet, being a sincere soul, he will rather take his chances in the midst of the drama, which appeals to all that is heroic in him, than give himself up to the contemplation of an ideal perfection of which there seems little enough evidence in the world about him. The immediate struggle at any rate is real, and he feels that here is the place for a man. Yet his interest in the struggle is really due to his underlying monism, his hope of bringing good out of evil, for only a devil rejoices in confusion for its own sake.

The monist, on the other hand, insists upon the whole, and makes it the basis of all his reasoning. Starting with unity as a primal necessity, he says that evil must in some way contribute to good, and be resolved into it at last. For him there

is always *the* whole, both as an original affirmation and a final answer, and the pluralist's question as to "*which* whole" does not occur to him. He draws a circle which helps him define and arrange all that is within it, or at least to insist that everything in it is in some way ideally defined and arranged. He makes a system, but in so doing he inevitably stiffens thought and takes the life out of it, for all humanly devised systems are limited by the brain that has made them, and such limitation paralyzes. They have a specious air of order and finality, but we must handle them delicately, and keep the children out of the room, for fear that a burst of fresh air and noisy laughter will shake them to pieces. Yet they do much for us in furnishing an orderly repository for our ideas when not in use.

It can be shown that the creed of the monist is at the bottom no more independent of that of the pluralist than the latter is independent of the former, for even in monism there are always two elements. Because he dwells on the adjustment of these elements, rather than on their conflict, the monist is less painfully conscious of the omnipresent duality than the pluralist is; yet he must conceive of his whole

as both the beginning and the end of things, and therefore see it in two capacities, alpha and omega, germ and fulfilment. He thus looks towards it in two opposite directions; and while he will probably tell us that the two are one, yet a question between them remains, and the entire problem of human destiny may be said to hang on man's decision as to which of the two he will make his goal; whether he will move forward in faith to higher development, or turn backward in despair to degeneration and final death.

Thus it seems that neither the pluralistic or the monistic conception of the cosmos is independent of the other, even in its original constitution. There is an integrant relation between them, and each is necessary to the other. Pluralism is an eternal question, to which monism is an eternal answer, and we could not have the answer without the question any more than we can teach an unawakened intelligence, or feed a person who has no appetite. They seem to be two fundamental types of mind, of which monism represents the feminine and pluralism the masculine phase. Monism contributes the form, it is the shaping element, while pluralism contributes the vital quality. Life is born

of the relation between the two. Each must yield itself heartily to the other in order that together they may bring forth the living truth.

Monism gives us definition, repose, and the assurance of victory, and lest these should seem to belong to God rather than to man, lest they should seem so remote from us, so independent of us and our struggle as to chill us to despair, or lull us in a selfish optimism, pluralism comes forward to supply the element of vitality and motion by pointing out to us the difficulty and struggle of life, and impressing upon us the tremendous import of its individual issues. The monist's conception is like a circle, limiting and defining; the pluralist's is like a line, moving on indefinitely; combined they give us the living spiral. The monist's thought is like a picture, all relations seen under one aspect; the pluralist's is like music, with notes in sequence. The pluralist teaches us the true value and importance of man, making us feel that only by our individual will and effort, by our constant preferring of the best over the second best, of the greater over the lesser truth, of the spirit over the flesh, shall the victory be won. The monist teaches the true value and importance

of God, so filling all things with himself that no room is left for the devil, whose dark personality is but the shadow cast by man himself as he stands facing the Sun of Righteousness. Once persuade man of this, and the duality between good and evil disappears for him, because by the very act of believing he has stepped out on to *terra firma* under a clear sky, and has left the mists and delusions of the Walpurgisnacht of self behind. All choices for him henceforth lie between two kinds of good, two phases of God. He may make many mistakes, but his feet are planted on solid ground, and from thence the two great wings of human thought may bear him swiftly, strongly upward.

At this point we may meet the inquiry, "If then there is no real and fundamental evil, if sin is nothing but man's shadow, what has been the meaning of all our blood and tears? What has been the use of man's age-long struggle with sin and suffering?" Simply that only by means of these could we have reached that point in human development at which we can begin to see the light, and in the joy of the vision forget the agony of its birth. If it seems to us a cruel injustice that those who have gone before should have groaned

and travailed in the darkness that we might enjoy light and freedom, we can remember that, since the whole is independent of time, all these past lives must be in some way present in and with our own. Therefore as we pour our souls out in loving recognition of all within our reach, we are paying to the present and the future the debt that we owe to the past, and are hastening the time when all, past, present, and future, shall consciously share alike in the perfected life of humanity. Sin for us here and now lies only in our refusal to yield ourselves to this inner demand of the whole for its own completion by us through our recognition and allegiance.

We err constantly by getting things out of proportion even when we are most intent on doing right. Our very determination to do well may blind us to the wise and quiet guidance of the whole, which would overrule so much of our feverish activity. All this error is inevitable to our human point of view. The very selfhood which is our proudest possession, because through it we are allied to the greatest Whole of all, is sure, until trained by much painful discipline, to lead us into excesses. But these are not sin, except as

they are intentional. Sin must lie wholly in an evil will: negatively, in a will not recognizing the larger guidance; positively, in a will deliberately opposed to and defying that guidance. That such a will has a certain power to go on and achieve results is inevitable from the very conditions of spiritual space and motion. Right relation implies the possibility of wrong relation. The freedom that we have to move towards the right implies the freedom to move away from it. A soul may avail itself of this freedom, turning towards evil, drawing others to join in its revolt, and making a great show of power and success. But there is just this difference between right relations and wrong relations, between good will and evil will, that right relations tend always towards stability and mutual reassurance, whereas wrong relations tend only towards contradiction and disintegration. This being the case, wrong relations must finally die out, and exist only as negative quantities in the perfect whole.

When we at last realize that sin lies only in a rebellious will, and that there is no substantial devil to dispute with God on equal terms for the possession of our souls, we wonder what it is that has so long seemed

to us like a devil and a living root of evil. We would like to understand how, if God has been from the beginning all in all, and all-loving, He can have permitted an opposite pole of his own being to fill us with bad suggestions and strike terror to our hearts.

Recognition of the two great elements alone can give us a key to this great mystery. These two elements are coexistent in God, and equally divine; but on entering — or, one might better say, producing — the category of time, they must, from our point of view, have acted alternately. There must have been first a long outgoing, externalizing, matter-producing wave, in which, as it reached its limit, there was an ever-increasing potentiality of the returning, recognizing, spirit-producing wave which should counterbalance it and bind it back to the whole. This inner potentiality would at last, by the culmination of its ever-growing assertion of balance, set a limit to the outgoing wave. It would thus begin to stir in all matter an awakening life, a dumb sense of relation, which, evolving through the lower orders up to man, would manifest itself in his mind as a sense of mystery, an awe of something greater than himself, which something,

dimly foreshadowed at first, would only after long ages, and much experimenting with false gods, simplify itself into a worthy conception of the divine Unity.

We can see that both these waves are divine, but that alternately each must be subordinated to the other, so that, as we are now borne on the tide of the returning wave, it is sin for us to will in the opposite direction. We may look backward sometimes to get our bearings, but it is dangerous to look that way too long. Both waves daily woo our recognition. Nature would draw us back into herself. God would draw us upward to his heart. Man stands as a pivot between the two. If he chooses matter above spirit, he brings degeneration upon himself by his own choice, and darkness and chaos engulf him; but if he chooses spirit, then nature licks his feet and yields him her secret, thankful to own in him her master and high-priest, her only hope of seeing God. She knows that the day of her supremacy is past, because the outgoing wave of creation has spent its force, and is properly present now only as a sub-element of that returning wave which is gradually awakening this planet to splendid life.

The world-stuff is potentially both mat-

ter and spirit, and we have, quite apart from the question of right and wrong, much power to modify its expression in either direction, making more of one or of the other as we may choose. The world is moving rapidly in the direction of spirit, both by means of us and in spite of us, which is a comforting thought; but in our daily life and small choices we do much to spiritualize or materialize all with which we come in immediate contact. We often heap up rich possessions until we learn how little beauty there is in them — how in fact they are only a care and a burden — except as they are truly related to our personality. A greater number of steam yachts, private cars, and country-houses than we can actually use, and more dresses than we can possibly wear, add nothing to our pleasure; we can never get fond of them, and only things that we love and have a personal relation with can really give us pleasure. There is even a refined satisfaction in going without things when it is a matter of free-will and not of compulsion. As we discover this truth we learn to live more and more in the spirit, more in the ideas of things than things in themselves, and we find in such living great lightness and pleasure.

Matter will last as long as we want it to. We may be sure that the supply will meet the demand and even outrun it, for we know how the commercial spirit, which dwells in the material, tries in every way to anticipate and to create demand, invading our privacy with its runners and selling agents. But these are only eddies in the stream of progress, proof that we have not yet established things on their right spiritual basis. When we have done this we shall no longer waste the world-stuff by making it into useless material forms after all our needy brethren have been fully supplied with creature comforts.

Prodigality of material has ever been nature's characteristic, and we can see how necessary this has been to man's development in the past, as a rich basis of affluent suggestion for all his instinctive choices. But we are now at a later stage of evolution, and our perfected sense of relation should save us from waste, just as it enables us to kindle a fire with three sticks of pine wood rightly placed, when a dull servant would demand a dozen to produce the same result. As brains save the demand for, and consequently the making of, useless stuff, and love stops the selfish accumulation of more material by any one man

than he can rightly use himself and make serviceable to others, the world will be growing lighter, freer, and more joyous day by day.

Since the whole, and only the whole, can guide us to the right choices in life, probably nothing is of more importance to us intellectually than the way in which we conceive this whole. The pluralist's conception furnishes the element of personality. He may, and very likely does, deny the personality of God, because his sense of the opposing forces blinds him to the unity behind them; but of personality in itself he is very sure; personality, suffering, struggling, brother-loving (or even brother-hating), as we know it here. The monist supplies a more abstract ideal, impersonal, unruffled, ordering all things for the good (or evil) of the whole, and though he may be a pessimist, and may doubt if this resistless rule be one of love, he nevertheless furnishes to us an idea of that unity of the manifold which is essential as a framework to our conception of the eternal Person. When we let the passion of the pluralist infuse blood into the vast ideal of the monist, we begin to appreciate what personality itself may be, greater than any single person or fixed form at any point, becoming

a person at its pleasure, but evermore a Spirit, a Life, an omnipresent Love, responding completely to our every desire.

Thus the two views interwoven, united in love, rather than separated in controversy, become constructive, and reveal to us the higher truth in religion as in everything else. So omnipresent is this duality of the human mind, so potent is the union of the opposing elements, so clear is it that without such union "was not anything made that was made," that if we were to seek for some figure, some material symbol to express in the most simple manner the coherence of all things, material and spiritual, we should find ourselves setting one line at right angles across another line and placing at their intersection a living heart.

The cross is no arbitrary device; it is an expression of the essential truth of life. It confronts us in every experience; it cannot be escaped even by our philosophic reasoning; and could we break the material frame of things apart to discover its secret, we should still find the cross transpiercing it in every direction like a chiastolite. We have been in the habit of thinking that Christ, by the manner of his death, consecrated the cross and set it forever as the special symbol of the Christian life.

It may be truer to say that the cross itself is the fundamental thing, and that in the fulness of time it bore Christ on its bosom as a visible manifestation of its great personal truth of the relation of opposites.

The law of the cross is the great constructive law of the universe. It is the law of sacrifice, but yet more the law of recognition and of life itself. It is the law of sacrifice only in an incidental sense, only in so far as its demands break through that husk of selfishness which keeps us dead and apart. The severe lines of the cross are a bald statement of the fundamental truths that flower into every sort of beautiful expression. The two tendencies that they represent may melt by their loving union into the enchanting curves of the living vine, and put forth many a graceful leaf and tendril; but unless, under all the bewildering profusion of its growth, the stern lines of the cross still make themselves felt, the vine will return upon itself and twist into a tangled snarl, choking its own existence.

Since this truth is so deeply seated, since it was present at the beginning of time, and will find its complete expression only when time shall be no longer, was it not to be expected that in the course of the

world's moral history some hint of it should appear in personal form? When the individual or self element had carried man very far in one direction, the Roman empire holding its proud unity of domination over the world, the Jewish nation wrapping itself in its conceit of exclusiveness and legal righteousness, the heathen peoples given up to the excesses of debasing passion, was it not probable — nay, inevitable — that the other element, that of relation and love, so long dammed up and held back by the excessive manifestation of its opposite, should, by one great concentration of itself, send into the world — very possibly through the pure gates of a virgin's womb — a Life which should assert the predominance of love in the face of all opposition and death, and prophesy of its final victory?

The artist, under the pressure of a strong emotion, strikes off in a moment the rough draft of a picture that he will be years in bringing to completion by the slow process of adjusting each value to every other. In all this long labor he will never lose sight of the original sketch, and the finished work, glorious in its detailed perfection, will really have no more power in it — no more inner meaning — than was contained

in that first draft which was its germ. The life of Jesus of Nazareth was in moral and spiritual directions such a sketch as this. The Christ, the principle of relation as embodied in Jesus, set before a world sunk in darkness and sin the pattern of the Christ that is to be. His life was the original scheme for the perfected life of this planet, whose unity when fully established shall make good its rightful place in God's great gallery of worlds. In the external, physical sense, his enemies had a speedy victory over Him; but because in Him the Spirit of the whole was so perfectly incarnate that no misuse of power, no legions of chaos and disintegration, could quench his faith in the essential solidarity of the human race and its oneness with God, He testified to this faith by praying for his enemies even from the cross to which they had nailed Him, and matched his loving recognition of them to their worst abuse of power. Thus, through Him, a new possibility came into the world, a scheme of being more ideal and exalted than any that had ever been thought of before, because it united in one living, loving recognition the greatest possible contrasts, holiness and depravity, God and man. It is taking us all these many centuries to realize the full

scope of the design, and to give it complete expression in human life.

We can see that there must always necessarily be two ways of conceiving of Deity, because the two persistent types of mind, which we recognize under different names in all the various departments of thought, must each see a somewhat different image. Like the slightly differing vision of our right eye and our left eye, they unite to give us a sense of the roundness and completeness of objects. Some minds find it pleasanter to think of God as immanent, others long to know Him as a person; and even the same soul may habitually rest in, and refresh itself with, the thought of God as an all-pervading and all-renewing energy, and yet at some sharp crisis of suffering, or some narrow passage through temptation and fear, may cry out to Him for an intimate personal response. Then the thought of Christ comes to its aid.

The whole is both It and He. It is an infinite principle, binding this world to all the starry host in a chain of relations too vast for us to contemplate, and also, since this earth is a whole in itself, prescribing a positive and definite quality for it, a scheme of related values which determines the right place and conduct for every creature upon

it as conducing to the expression of its perfect individuality. It is to this perfect individuality, to the ideal Christ, that we must look for an intelligent and loving response to all our questioning and longing, and our recognition of Him will reveal to us his personal quality. The church has been right in holding to the personal conception of God as revealed in Christ. Without personality life falls asunder and all organic connection between the parts is lost. But the church has not seen her truth large enough. She has preferred the sketch to the picture. She has kept her eyes fixed on the life and death of Jesus of Nazareth, which, while it contained the potency of the whole Christhood of this earth, was yet in itself only the germ of its complete expression. In spite of her trembling faith, she still seeks the living among the dead, and, looking backward at the manger, the cross, and the empty tomb, she does not see that just before her, radiant in majesty, complete in power, stands the glorious form of the Son of Man the ideal but most real Christ of God, the eternal Fact, the perfect human Whole, awaiting our recognition, and assuring to even the least of us, as we open our hearts to Him, a station in his immortal life.

The world is in a much more hopeful state to-day than the pessimists would have us suppose. The serious people of the world, those who labor and who make, represent all the elements of the highest truth, only these elements are divided among separate camps who are often mutually critical of each other. In art and literature we find at present the worship of relation; in science that of fact. Each worship really implies the other, and when this is recognized, both may obtain, through such recognition, a higher vision. In art and literature the wave of realism alarms us, but we may see in it the preparation for, and prophecy of, a returning wave of idealism which will raise our products to undreamed of beauty and power. The man of science confines himself to facts, but the patience and thoroughness with which he does this is really a testimony to his belief in the whole, and to his sense of the inevitable correlation between all the facts that go to make up that whole. He will not suffer the smallest detail to escape him, lest that particular detail, hitherto overlooked or held of no account, may prove in the end to be pivotal. Thus he is animated by a profound sense of relation, although this sense manifests itself just now in the study

of fact. The artist of to-day, on the other hand, seeking relation, movement, atmosphere, and for the time somewhat careless of form and of the higher unities, exemplifies that spirit of right relation between the parts by which alone the highest Unity of all can at last be attained. Thus both are really seeking the whole.

These two, the scientist and the artist, are like two painters, one of whom is engaged upon a work of the imagination while the other paints contemporary life. The first, the scientist, dreams of some possible composition more grand, more vital, more harmonious in the relation of its masses, than anything that has ever been seen hitherto. With the hope that he may some day realize this on his canvas, he makes endless studies, and experiments with all possible materials, until at moments he almost loses sight of the true object of his labor. The other, the painter by profession, feeling instinctively that unity must be attained at any and every cost, will not trust himself to attack any subject whose vastness threatens to confuse his sense of the relations that compose it. In rightness of relation he puts his trust, and he will portray the smallest and meanest thing in the world, if he can make it

live on his canvas by the sheer verity of its related values. A picture that does not express this rightness of relation is to him artistically immoral, no matter how high its ostensible suggestion.

If the thought of the twentieth century can combine the attitudes of these two men, it will be able to paint, with all the world-stuff at its command, a living likeness of the ideal human being, the Christ that is to be. It will admit all facts, but it will put the highest possible construction upon them. It will draw the features of the portrait from all that is noblest in human life, but it will shape these features, by its inner vision, to the image of that ideal wholeness of which they but dimly prophesy. Its work at first will be largely empirical. It will throw together on the canvas such masses of light and shade, such forms and tones of color, as seem to belong to the picture. All will be rough, in some places harshly contradictory. Some spots will be too dark, others too light, and the drawing will be faulty. All this is inevitable; for until the values are brought together with some approximation of the final effect, the artist cannot be sure that anything is absolutely right, because each portion depends on all the rest. But little by little, as man

works on, a certain coherence will be established. The face that he strives to render — his vision of the most majestic Whole that the mind can conceive — will be human, because made in the likeness of man and woman, the highest forms he knows; it will be divine, because animated by an intelligence and love of which man's clearest vision and deepest rapture are but a stammering prophecy, and this face will at length smile back to him from the labor of his hands, and impart fresh courage. Then he can go on joyfully to finish his work, no longer in the dark. Then he can quickly distinguish the true from the false, for the whole will be in sight, the Personality will be clearly, though perhaps roughly, expressed, and the remaining imperfections will stand out like flecks, nay, almost drop off of their own accord, so clear will it be that they do not belong to the world-picture. Such a hope as this may well inspire the creative energies of man.

Socially too, it is not difficult to see that we have among us, even at the present day, both the elements of a perfect life. We have plenty of individualism, plenty of assertion of man's right to choose. The extravagance which so many shake their heads over, the search for objects of *vertu*,

the magnificent entertainments, the lavish use of flowers, all testify to man's determination to have whatever seems to him good. It is a sign of growth, though a coarse and lush growth at the best; for we should remember that the making of expensive and elaborate things, although it may occupy a disproportionate place in the social economy, is nevertheless, in itself, part of the great spiritualizing process that is everywhere going on, because it raises raw materials to a higher plane by making these expressive of man's thought and purpose. Probably nothing but having their fill of material splendor and finding how unsatisfying it is in itself, will convince people that only in limitation and relation to higher uses lies the secret of that very beauty which they seek so passionately and greedily; that only as they themselves find their relation to the whole, and serve their day and generation therein, can the beautiful things they handle keep their freshness, instead of turning to dust and ashes. We may lament that this lesson is not learned faster, but we can comfort ourselves by seeing in all this individualism the sturdy assertion of an essential principle; that of fact, of visible existence, of the right of every creature to its own place.

To balance this self-assertion, there is in society to-day a great sense of the power of relation, and of the solidarity of man. This manifests itself both in selfish and in unselfish fashion, — in great schemes of business consolidation, in socialistic theories, in plans for international alliance, in man's enlarging sense of responsibility for distant wrongs; in his increasing care for animals, his growing love for nature, his thirst for travel, and in countless other ways.

These two forces, the claim of the individual and the claim of the whole, interact to form the secular or world-spirit of to-day, a common consciousness of civilized man, so vital as to form an appreciable entity which all recognize; which many rejoice in because they find through it an enfranchisement of unexpected power in themselves, and a new gospel of joy in nature and contemporary life, while others fear lest, in its youthful exuberance and smiling self-assurance, it should lead man away from his highest good.

Yet this world-spirit is indeed the Spirit of the whole now beginning its reign on earth. It is yet in its infancy, unconscious alike of the travail of its birth and of its immortal destiny. It needs to be explained

to itself; to be taught the divine origin of its budding powers; to be shown that it holds its present being, with all its lusty, splendid life, only by virtue of laws that will force it by steady, resistless pressure to ever higher and more spiritual issues. Finding itself alone upon the strand of that troubled ocean of life out of whose throes it was born, it still toys with the pebbles at its feet. It holds the shells to its ear and listens to the murmuring voices of its past. Yet even as it does this it sees above and around it a new creation, in which it must soon arise to accomplish the meaning of the Whole; to become the living embodiment of its own highest law of Love, and to link together both past and future in one present realization of immortal Truth.

ELECTROTYPED AND PRINTED
BY H. O. HOUGHTON AND CO.

The Riverside Press

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., U. S. A.

Date Due

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| MR 22 '55 | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |

N79 .M57
Religio pictoris,
Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library
1 1012 00026 6587